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Poems and paragraphs.



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POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS



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POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS

BY
HENRY AVELING

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POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS

THEODOSIA

A TALE IN MIXED MEASURES

The vesper hymns had floated into air,
Charmed worshippers had left the hallowed place :
She of nigh thirty summers, raven hair,
Bright spiritual eyes, and limping pace
(Result of accident in early youth)
Whose tones had pealed the sacred walls around,
Richest of those that sang of Holy Truth,
In notes seraphic robed, now homeward bound,
Enwrapped in heavenly thoughts, her dwelling sought
[and found.

And heavenly thoughts were hers by day and night,
To heighten beauty all but seraph's own,
Beauty which may not unalloyed alight
On any child of Eve, lest at the throne
Of self-conceit should bow the earth-born heart,
Knowing no other worship ;—hence the pain
That each one felt who grieved to think a dart
Injurious should strike so fair a fane,
Forgetful how each grief is balanced by some gain.

There is a maxim favourite with some—

“A blemished body clothes a blemished mind”—

'Tis all unchristian, even though it come

(As now and then) to pass, that we may find

The smitten turn to smiters: 'tis their *will*,

Not their *infirmity*, that weakens worth:

The nearest unto perfect may choose ill—

Too oft they do—but goodness hath its birth

Far in, where all may keep it, safe from flaw of earth.

Thus inly good was she, the gifted one

Whose tones ye heard, with rapture, in the choir.

Observe her now, her temple-duties done,

With book in hand, before her cheerful fire.

“Cheerful?” methinks ye ask, “in that lone room,

However tastefully arrayed; alone,

In woman's prime of intellect and bloom:

Alone on Sabbath Eve, when every drone

Of maid or mannikin companions with its own.

Yea, lonely dwells she, but in cheerful way,

Though some three years an orphan left, with wealth

Enough for needs, too little for display;

And not enough to meet the loss of health,

Or margin leave for other time of woe;

Nor for the luxury to helpers dear,

When tears of sympathy for sufferers flow:

Wherefore she seeks, in Art's competing sphere,

The added means to bless, and many a sad one cheer.

O noble woman ! He who reads the heart,
And sees thy pure devotion, knows the cost
At which thou actest thy angelic part :
And He forbids such goodness shall be lost
In unrewarded lot, for in the sky,
Aye, and below, thy star-like radiance fills
No mean a sphere, while some in thee descry
An angel robed in flesh, and tried with ills,
Like Him, thy Lord, who sits above the heavenly hills.

The yet unfinished chapter fills the soul—
The household drudge (who loves that lodger fair)
Forbears to interrupt its sweet control,
And noiseless moves, the tea-things to prepare ;
Then flitteth out an instant, to intrude
Too soon with fell disturbance in her hand—
The kettle, all unused to quietude—
That laughs at silence, and, with bubbling band,
Such merry music makes as sadness can't withstand.

But sadness ruled not her, the all-resigned,
Or how should she assuage another's grief?—
She closed her book, and to the hand-maid kind
Smiled thankfully ; then set the fragrant leaf
A seething, whose aroma cheers the heart,
And clears the faculties for healthy thought
More safely than the vintner's subtle art,
Which lends a stimulus, till madness, wrought
Within the pliant brain, for mirth is dearly bought.

Seven days a week, and often half the night,
Upstairs or down, as bells or knockers rule,
The toiling serving-maid a weary wight,
Fills every form of labour's hardest school.
Such is, at least, her lot in homes where dwell
The working members of the middle class,
Where mistresses their own sad tale can tell
Of hardships and heart-rendings which, alas !
Next door to wealthy neighbours often come to pass.

And now again she enters (Betsy named)
With curtsey graceful, no vain thing of state
For those she loves, and tells, as if ashamed
Of frequent entrance, how a friend doth wait
Admittance.—'Tis a welcome one with her
Who hears the name announced, though Sabbath
In converse with her God, alone, confer [Eves
Such joy on Theodosia as she grieves
To miss, unless thereby some loved one joy receives.

"Dear friend, this hallowed hour I would not spoil
By my intrusion," the fair comer said,
"But, only just released from woeful toil,
(O God, *how* woeful !) this poor throbbing head
Beats down the weary soul ; nor prayer, nor praise
This eve in House of God (and I *do* love
His Temple-gates !) may I rejoice to raise."—

"Enough, dear Constance, *here* shall flow thy love :
Here may the 'two or three' approach His courts
[above.

“But first refresh thy jaded frame, then tell
Thy many griefs, few joys, the hard week long,
And how again, and *why* the tyrant fell
That kills thy only day of life, such wrong
Should work, when Mammon-work should be put by.
She who professes to regard the day,
And to lament your wrongs, fears to defy
All Mammon-worship, and the *right* obey,
Disturbed but little should some *orders* pass away.”

“Sweet friend, who taught me patience, thou art grieved
And wrought to wrath for me—’twill soothe thee not
To learn what wealth and Fashion have achieved
To dwarf ‘God’s image,’ and the soul to blot
From out its sphere eterne, an outcast thing
That any strutting clay may trample down,
E’en on the road to Church, while Churches ring
With dissonances woke from rustling gown,
And litanies for souls whom pompous customs drown.”

“Say heathen customs, Constance—’tis as well
To worship false gods truly, as *True God*,
With specious orisons. The pit must tell
How fearfully will fall the avenging rod
On those who heedless *Paternosters* say,
While *self* is all the brotherhood they own,
And more than half their god, on that dread day
When the poor hypocrite’s despairing groan
Shall direst turmoil make around the Archfiend’s
throne.”

“And yet, dear sympathizer! there must be
Much thoughtlessness, as well as wilful sin.
Alas! for those whom the ungodly see
Professing love of good, yet letting in
The world's corruption, till they share its taint,
And do as sinners do, for Fashion's sake;
Bringing contempt upon the name of 'Saint,'
And sorrow on themselves, one day to break
Their hearts in penitence, if not soul-shipwreck make.

'Twas only yesterday that lady-hood
Known for her charities and ready will
To aid all Gospel-efforts for man's good,
Here and hereafter, ordered work to fill
Our hands for full three days, and yet desired
With utter recklessness, to-morrow's eve
Should see it all arrived, for 'twas required
For that night's wear midst stylish folk who grieve
For human woe, and oft the sorrowing ones relieve.

And she, poor soul, has been to Church to-day,
To pray for me, and sisters, frail or strong:
And little recked that *they* were kept away
Who would have prayed for her, and swelled the song
Of praise to Him who gives the rich their wealth—
A joyful stewardship when used aright;
And gives the poor their heritage of health;
A joy enough when free from that sad blight
Which hapless toiling ones, like me, may feel to-night.”

“Dear Constance, this shall be an hour of peace,
And we will pray even for those who cast
Such blight around them, pray for their release
From Satan’s power—while, for ourselves, the last
Of griefs must soon arrive, and we repose
On that dear bosom once with iron torn,
Whereon shall pillow all His peoples’ woes,
Till not another child of His shall mourn
The weary way to heaven of pilgrims spirit-worn.”

The Monday dawns again, the workroom toils
Again surround poor Constance and her mates :
Again the yellow monster gathers spoils
Auriferous from cheeks whose pallor states
How long have been entombed the roses fair
That once had blossomed on those cheeks—how soon
The injured stems themselves transplanted where
No mammon-hoof may tread, leaving “sun, moon,
And stars behind” may track their way to Heaven’s
bright noon.

But, Constance, thou art rich, compared with some,
For all have not “like precious faith” with thee :
There are, who lose all hope of good, and come
To hopeless ruin, goaded on to flee,
Through devious paths, the present ill, and brave
Sure-footed Retribution to his face ;
Forgetful that he yearns the just to save
If patiently with Him they leave their case
Who overtakes the oppressor in his impious race.

Yet, to thy many sorrows, patient one,
Is there not added this, so hard to bear—
A cousin's fame too utterly undone?
Even to name to Theodosia fair?
'Tis so—and she, whose kinsfolk are thine own,
Has hurt thee as thou wilt not hurt thy friend.
Thou wilt endure thy sorrow all alone,
And try to save the erring one—not rend
That purer one with grief beyond her power to mend.

For Theodosia, too, the week-day hours
Have their fatigues for such a fragile thing;
Yet thanks she God for scope to use her powers
In those loved arts which such enjoyment bring
To gifted students, like herself, on whom
Have richly been bestowed an Artist's eye,
Skilled to pourtray the ethereal lily-bloom;
And voice and ear for language of the sky,
To echo Angel-songs as they o'erhead pass by.

Music and Painting, choicest boons to men!
Happy as mortals *can* be, *should* be they
On whom ye smile, for their blest senses then
May catch some echo of that happy day
When man, unfallen, erstwhile drank delight
Out of the holy Chalice Seraphs bare
To lips immortal as their own, till blight
Unholy fouled the draught, and filled the air
With deadly vapours breathed from lips no longer fair.

Ever be ours the soul-inspiring lay,
Or scene of loveliness by Genius drawn
From sources still inspiring, though the ray
That lights our path be modest as the dawn
That peeps on earth, then flees before the sun,—
A thing all too serene to meet its glare.
Leave we the scrambling scriveners to run
Their scorching race of wealth, although we fare
Less gorgeously than those who gilded trappings wear.

An Artist, she, in every sense, who now—
(Seated beside a girl of charming grace,
A pupil newly come,) with smiling brow
And Art-enthusiasm in her face,
Gives the first guidance to the pearl-white hand
That more than tremblingly the pencil plies,
And somewhat less bespeaks of self-command
Than even *she* can note, without surprise,
Who knows what tremors oft from fluttering nerves
arise.

Well skilled in gentle words to soothe the fear
Of young beginners, Theodosia blends
Encouragement with counsel till the tear
That starts at friendly tones with those whose friends
Are few, or unexpected, tells the tale
Of some heart-sorrow welling from within,
While down that face, by turns both flushed and pale
It marks its course, as rolls the tide of sin,
When innocence gives way that guiltiness may win.

But 'tis not Theodosia can suspect

So fair a flower of turning from the sun
That woos it heavenward, that she, self-wrecked,
Into pollution's gulf should fall, undone
In soul and body both, unless some hand,
Transcending human in its power to save,
Shall pluck her thence, to tread again the land
Of rectitude and peace ; rather to brave
Life's ills in any shape than that of Virtue's grave.

Not quite so sad as this she deems the grief

Of her young pupil, who, with effort strong,
Subdues the rising flood that brings relief
When it may freely flow, but if too long
Pent up, must burst the heart—another day
She hopes will find her nervousness assuaged—
“'Tis but a passing fear, and will not stay
To mar again the joy that, when engaged
In Art-pursuit I feel.” While thus she speaks, enraged,

And rudely wanton, enters one with whom

The serving-maid, though striving hard, had failed
To be beforehand—“ Sir ! a private room
(And above all, a lady's) thus assailed,
Methinks must leave the comer ill at ease ;
Yet would I ask your pleasure ?”—Awed in part,
The intruder paused, how little there to please
He duly felt, and felt his craven heart
Turn chilly at those words, and at that glance's dart.

With ill-feigned unconcern, and with a sneer
 Malicious, he replied : " Ah ! yes, be sure,
 A lady's room it is for lady here,
 And truant lady, too, a student pure
 Of purifying arts, I find "—" Begone ! [spake
 Insulting "—" Wretch !"—" Two voices they which
 The all-sufficient words, for now, alone,
 Two terror-stricken damsels counsel take [ache.
 On this encounter strange which makes *one* heart to

But ere that aching heart can shew its wound,
 And ere the faltering tongue can tell its tale,
 Their stricken owner on the floor hath swooned ;
 While Theodosia's senses well nigh fail
 Before such overflow of sorrow's cup.
 She rings, but every moment seems an hour
 Of vain endeavouring to raise her up,
 Till Betsy enters with the steady power, [flower.
 Her poor lame mistress lacked to raise the smitten

* * * * *

Take me, sweet angels, to your sheltering wings !
 Alas ! ye are so pure—*how* pure am I ?—
 Pure as an outlaw whom Creation's lords
 Revile ; for they make laws and break *them* not,
 But only *female hearts*—I could not hold
 The pencil steadily—then, *he* rushed in—
 Nay, he shall *not* expose me !—" Lady ! what
 Have I been saying ?—Gentle one, my thanks—
 I have been ill, *most* ill, but now I feel

My powers returning ; let me hasten home
And hope for convalescence.”—“Nay, sweet girl !
Thou dost mistake thy powers, and art not yet
Thyself at all. But here thou must remain
Till *really* better.” There was emphasis,
Unconscious to the speaker, in those words ;
Yet, on the hearer, falling like a bolt
From some destroying angel’s iron hand :—
Another death-like sigh, and now again
She pleads departure—“Nay, I have betrayed,
In raving moments, all my wretchedness,
And cannot bear thy glance, though Pity there
Beams tenderly.”—“Speak not, poor sufferer,
But here, with none but sympathisers, make
Thy pillow, till returning strength shall bring
Thy freedom to go forth again ; but not
To sorrow like the past, if I can stem
Its fatal tide, and see a happier course [spurn
Mapped out for thee.”—“And dost thou, then, not
The penitent who hoped to flee from guilt,
And learn, by some pursuit of industry
Without unhallowed maintenance to live ?”

“Humbly to follow Him is my desire,
Who to an erring being words addressed
Which doubtless thou hast heard, and needest not
That I should act the keen remembrancer,
In this thy shaken state.”—“Oh ! more art thou
Than tender woman, for ’tis seldom found

That even tender women can forbear
To scowl at such as I am : thou hast learned
The Christian code so fully that I may
Yet hope for Heaven's mercy, since to one
So merciful as thou, my earthly fate
Hath been divulged."

* * * * *

'Tis Sabbath, and again
The tide of harmony divine rolls on,
Freighted with aspirations such as flow
Only when marts are closed, and mortal ears
Are open to a music far too pure
To reach the earth when all the atmosphere
Is thick with week-day turmoil. Holy song
Pours richly forth again ; and she is there,
The good and gifted Theodosia,
Herself borne heavenward on her gushing notes
That wing full many a hearer heavenward too :
There, like the lark that leaves the grosser earth,
To vanish in the sky, and warble forth
Its gratitude to Him who gave it power
To mount so high, there mounts the heavenly soul,
Earth's ills forgotten in the rapturous flight
That bears it to the heights where angels dwell.
Alas ! for those who have not heavenly wings !
For them the Church is but a dreary halt
In that quick march of Commerce which alone
Delighteth them, although it serves them not
One step beyond the verge so swiftly reached,

And bounded by the Sexton's measuring line.
Right well and holily the singer sang,
Yet failed to satisfy the new-made Priest
Who criticises Music after Church,
And finds some other ladies in the choir
More apt to flatter his officiousness,
And give it occupation, too, than she
Whose only fault is excellence that fills
All but the good with hate. So she must bear,
As best she may, Detraction's cruel shafts
That at the fairest reputations strike,
Too oft successfully, in this sad world.
Oh! some can tell how hard it is to be
A creature all endeavour after good,
And conscious, sometimes, of attaining it
For others' weal, yet see the prizes taken
By counterfeits or bunglers, while the blanks
And forfeits, if not penalties, are theirs!—
Poor Theodosia! her *school* is bad—
So says the priestly critic, while, alas!
Too many listen; for ye know how soon
A mountebank, above his fellows raised
If but some inches, gets a gaping crew
To swallow all his nostrums. Who shall then
Assert the right against this burly man,
Who, with the laity beneath his feet,
Stands mounted "Reverend" and deals with folk
Not reverend, as if his only aim
Were to burlesque the term, and make it mean

Ordained impertinence, to grieve the good
And set the bad a scoffing? Who shall meet
This new Precentor's wrath, and stand between
Its venom and its victim?—One there is,
A quiet son of Art, attuned to peace,
And loving concord ever, yet well nerved
To battle for the weak against the strong.
The Organist is one who will not hear
The good and gentle Theodosia wronged,
And hear without reply.—“Your pardon, Sir,
But longer silence would become me not:
No better *school*, nor *scholar* can be found
Thou meet in that young lady. He who would
Disparage her, does not, or will not, know
What's due to merit, and to fame so fair
As hers.”—The spiteful priest was unprepared
For such intrusion on his evil plans,
And would have mocked the speaker had he been
Of those on whom contempt will sit at all.
But here was one who stood in high repute
For skill and probity, and so the priest
Was silenced; but a cloud o'er passed his brow
That boded vengeance at some safer time,
When dark intrigue night lend its hiding shroud,
To screen the plotter, while the murdered peace
Of innocence cries up to Heaven for doom.
Oh! folly of the cunning! ever yet
Did rogue-made trap fail to entrap its maker?
Nay! Yet this truth is hardly brought to bear

Upon the blinded culprit, who, like ostrich,
Runs into corners that shut out the view
Of its pursuers, till the hunter's hand
Is felt in all its unrelaxing power,
And fancied safety ends in wild despair.

Pass on, brave man, and thou, poor fragile maid,
Forget awhile, each in your peaceful home,
The pangs that coarse injustice can inflict.
That brave man hath a wife and family,
And none more true than he, else had the thanks.
So warmly welling from the grateful heart
Of her he had befriended, well sufficed,
With heart unwedded, to enlist it then
In chivalry yet more befriending still,
And bind it ever hers. But so it was
With Theodosia, as with many more
Of her tried sex, that those with whom the prize
Of her pure heart might happily have lodged
Were blessed already. 'Twas at such a time
As that, the lonely orphan inly yearned
For some protecting arm on which to lean,
And *that* a husband's arm ; oft, too, she felt
An undefined temptation to repine
At that infirmity which thrust her back
Amongst her fellows, when the haler sort,
And free from outward blemish, were espoused,
Whate'er might be their blemishes within.
But, patience ! gentle girl, and sad, for One
Hath said (nor shall His word one tittle fail)

Moonbeams pale
 Now rest upon the Altar of St. Chad's,
 Where Vesper-tapers glowed some three hours since.
 The sacred lamp still burns, and by its light,
 Two midnight visitors hold counsel strange.
 The one has pen and ink, and hurriedly
 Notes down the other's words awhile, then stops,
 With earnest speech and gesture to enforce
 His trusty furtherance in some design
 Of secret import, which the night alone
 May look upon. Who these two workers were
 While others slept, the daylight may reveal
 At future season, let it now suffice
 That one seemed in a dubious state, between
 Directing in the tone of those to whom
 Commanding is familiar, yet beseeching,
 As if he feared refusal ; whilst the other,
 A compound comical appeared, betwixt
 Two far-off poles of low and high degree :—
 A man who might be deemed the lawful prey
 Of arrogant superiors, when disposed
 To use him football fashion, yet a man
 Who might by chance turn terrible in power
 To foil a miscreant of whatever sort,
 Well robed, or ragged, who should pass the bounds
 Within his own judicial breast assigned
 To moral dealing, and presume to do

An act abhorrent to that funny soul
Whose oddness sat upon its owner's face,
And laughed at all attempts to see beneath.

The conference now ended, each departs,
One to a high-walled home, while he who closed
The sacred edifice and took the key
Steals swiftly through the bye-ways of the town
Until he gains the suburbs. Pleased, he sees
Though late the hour, the glow of midnight lamp
Within the quiet parlour where the man
He seeks sits later than his household, now
To rest retired : gently he knocks and gains
Admittance promptly ; but just then a sound
Of nearing carriage wheels is heard—alarmed,
He begs his host to seek his room with speed,
Himself secreting in a dark recess
Behind a stack of massive folios,
The Music-student's treasured oracles.
Scarcely is this accomplished ere again
The knocker quietly admittance seeks
For other late-hour visitor. Again
The master of the house attends the call,
And ushers in his priest, with more surprise
Than could, or need, be hidden. Quickly seated
Both parties were : the one, with slight preamble,
Excusing, on account of urgency,
The lateness of his visit. Then he said,
First glancing keenly round to see if aught
Of hazard to be overheard there seemed,

"My son, are we secure from listeners here?
For gravest matter claims my care just now."
"Father, rest satisfied," the student said,
"Long since my household has been wrapped in sleep."
"'Tis well—and now it grieves me much to say
Your zeal of late so well evinced for one,
Now cherished in our Choir, is all misplaced :
Ere long she falls, though I had hoped to spare
The erring one, and, by a gentler course
Than a forced resignation, to remove
From purer sisterhood the singing bird
That sings with plumage sullied ; therefore I
Her *song*, and not *herself*, objected to,
In hopes (for I had heard her pride was great)
She would not brook fault-finding ; but, alas !
Your interference spoiled my better part.
And now it but remains to send her forth,
With plainer cause assigned ; and I am here
This night to tell you what you may not know,
That in this very house of yours is one
Who holds the proof, and must, if needs be, use it,
Of Theodosia's doubtful fame."—

"Good Sir !

Your works are strange indeed ! I scarcely know
Whom first to succour in this onslaught, her
Who for one moment I will not suspect
Can merit such a charge, or my own self
Thus linked so nearly with it ; but such words
Are idle until proven. I have therefore

To hear in patience what your reverence
May further state on topics now brought home
So unexpectedly that even I,
Repudiating, as I do, their truthfulness,
Am anxious to hear out ; and much I err
If some vile slanderer be not at work,
For whose just reprobation I will give
My days and nights to bring his guilt to light.”—
“ My son, be calm—the wise man rages not ;
Your just intent will ever prove a tower
For *your* defence ; but see you screen not those
For whom your only care should be to shun
Communion with them.”—“ Good, my father, still
With me the accused, whoe’er they be, are free
E’en from suspicion, till their cause be heard :
And I am free to hear it ; therefore speak,
So I will give good heed.”—“ Well, then, ’tis said
That Theodosia hath a cherished friend
Who, for her lack of virtue, should be spurned.
This known amongst her sisters in the Choir,
And known, forsooth, more widely e’en than that,
Is bringing scandal on the sisterhood,
The more discreet of whom demand that she,
Thus reckless of herself, should be removed,
Nor bring them all in question ; and, indeed,
The Church demands no less.” “ You say *’tis said*,”
Replied the Organist, for he it was
Thus talking with the priest, “ but now for proof ? ”—
‘ You hinder by your haste,’ the priest replied,

"Did I not say the proof is in this house?
And now again I say it—your own wife
Knows of what sort is Theodosia's friend,
And gives her shelter, nor can see the wrong
That such acquaintanceship must needs entail
On all concerned therein." "Nay, then, I know
That Theodosia's friend's as falsely charged
As she herself, poor soul, for tell me not
My wife connives at shame—I will not bear it
From Priest or Prince—but your unseemly charge
Had better be deferred till seemly hours.
'Twill be a noisy conference, I see,
And therefore beg cessation for this night :
And further beg you will be duly backed
By all sufficient witnesses ere next
The outrageous wrong be foisted forth as right."

"Good organist, your tones are rather high,
But may be lowered a peg, if it should chance
There shall be more of proof than you could wish,
And should the fair one you defend so warmly
Be found to need your tenderness, and test
Your wife's capacity for further strain."—
"Thou traitor to all manliness! Speak out!
Or thou mayest find it hard to speak again!"—

The priest was being fiercely shaken
By organist with rage o'ertaken.
There came a cry of "Murder! Thieves!"
A rustling sound of music leaves,

A bumping down upon the ground
Of massive volumes neatly bound,
The whatnot in the corner reeled,
And out came what had been concealed
Behind that screen. It was a man
Who saw the strife, and quickly ran
To intercept the dire embrace
Of those who struggled face to face.
Quickly the priest betook to flight,
Nor looked around, nor said "good-night."

"'Tis well," quoth Jaques, the organ-blower,
"That he so quickly found the door,
And in his terror failed to see
How ill his plot beliketh me.
And now, dear master, I've not stated
What brought me here so agitated
And out of time :—it was to spoil
The meshes of that plotter's toil,
But, troth, I've saved him getting further,
And you from doing mortal murther :
So I'll be brief, and tell you why
This night I was induced to try
If I could see you, little dreaming
That he, before the morning's beaming,
Would force his march ; but I perceive
It is not you that will believe
All that a priest may deem it right
To utter when he has a spite
That must be served. The fact is this,

That sweetly-voiced angelic Miss
Theodo—I forget her name—
Of whom he spake, the lady lame,
Is under heavy ban with him,
The shameless dolt, who has a whim
That none but he should ever sit
In critic's chair, renowned for wit
In matters musical ; and when,
The other day, all chimed "*amen*,"
Save this one lady, at some sage
Remark of his, I saw the rage
That he but ill-concealed, and thought
'Poor Miss! if ever thou art caught
At slightest fault, 'twill be a blot,
In his green eyes, that thou wilt not
With ease efface for many a day.'
Those eyes have tracked their wished-for prey,
And peeped and spied to find out all
Her private matters, great and small :
And so, by prying, he has learned
That there's a maid from virtue turned
Whom she befriends, despite the shame
The task may bring upon her name.
But those who fully know the case
See more of goodness than disgrace
In her desire to render aid
To one most cruelly betrayed—
A struggling artist, on her way,
With friendly help, to see the day

When, by her own exertions, she
Her friends from further care may free."

"But dares the canting black-dyed elf
Spit slander on my wife and self
And Theodosia, just because
We welcome back to Virtue's laws
One who awhile transgressed? Does he,
The hardened priest—" "Dear Sir, to me
Leave all concern to set ye free,
Each one, from this entrapper's net,
Who knows not that a trap is set
Of which he holds the fatal strings,
And coils them fast around the wings
He will awake to find *his own*,
Just when he sees his victim flown.
Again I say, leave all to me
And marvel not, whate'er you see
In one who never yet betrayed
The cause he once his own has made."

"Strange are thy words, but true thy deeds
I know, and as thy work proceeds
I'll do my best—" "Nay, do but what thy heart
Which may be trusted, prompts, and trust the part
I play, however base it may appear :
So is the purpose served that brought me here.
But daybreak is at hand, and I must speed—
One matter only claims your present heed :
The priest to-night affrighted from your house,
To-morrow will creep in like cautious mouse,

His tone subdued, and all his care to know
The mystery of my outbreak, for although
Too frightened he, and much too muffled I,
For him your humble servant to descry,
He may suspect my voice, and will, most surely,
Demand how you could let him talk securely
With any auditor so near at hand,
While you deceived him with assurance bland
That you were all alone—" "I merely said
My household had long since retired to bed,
And he might safely speak. I told no story—
Concealment, with a good intent, is glory
In that man's eyes, and, in his Church's teaching,
Sophistry hath its place with holy preaching,
How good was *thy concealment* well I knew
And that exposing your design to view
Would work fell mischief upon one who needed
For some good reason, to remain unheeded."
"Twas right well done—and, now you know the rest,
It but remains to manage for the best
In baffling his inquiries. In these parts
There dwells the idiot whose erratic arts
You doubtless witness often, and of him
I thought, when trembling to the very brim
Of my existence, fearing you would choke
The luckless mortal who could so provoke
Your wrath—'twas then the idiot's favourite cry
Of 'murder! thieves!' came aptly to supply
My taxed inventive powers to turn aside

The mischief that I thought would, sure, betide.
 Poor brainless Michael may be useful yet,
 And we to him again may be in debt,
 If we again should find him at his post
 In time to make another useful ghost,
 Such as I probably have been to-night,
 And hope to be again."—"My thanks, good Sprite!"
 —"Keep them until you find I've earned them quite!"

* * * * *

Again we seek the pleasant bower
 Where sister-graces dwell :
 Where Music sits in thoughtful mood,
 That suits the elder well.
 And rosy Painting, later born,
 She seemeth thoughtful too,
 As if some tempest she had seen,
 Some 'lorn and shattered crew.
 Yea, they have heard and seen sad things
 In this sad world of ours,
 And Music falters while she sings,
 And Painting's azure lowers :
 These spheres that once were all in tune,
 These skies that were all bright
 Too often clash, too often scowl,
 And weep for Eden's blight.
 And ye, fair girls, with angel-eyes,
 Ye have your fill of tears :—
 The more of heart, the more of pain,
 The more of grief and fears.

Sweet Theodosia ! thou dost know

All this, and needest not

That I should moralise for thee,

Or tell thee earth's a blot

One day to be erased by Him

Who suffered fiends to mar

His beauteous work, that man might see

A work more beauteous far.

'Tis of that work, fair preacher, thou

Discoursest to thy friend,

Pointing the Magdalen to realms

Of joys that know no end.

Redeeming Love, and earth's new morn

Are thine exalting themes,

And on their breath the soul outsoars

Time's most entrancing dreams :

But, ere the heavenly shores be reached,

There is the sea between ;

And we must learn, howe'er it rage,

To be *within* serene.

We must not loiter, must not haste,

Nor love nor hate the way ;

But, bright or dark, must look beyond,

And hail the coming day ;

The day when Christ shall tread the wave,

Approach our sinking bark,

And gently take our failing hand,

And lead us to the ark.

* * * * *

Who interrupts the converse pure
These chastened sisters hold,
Approaching with unbidden feet,
And manners all too bold ?
'Tis Jaques, with missive from the priests
In holy conclave sitting,
Who, in their zeal for righteousness,
Bethink it not unfitting,
Thus, in unwonted custody,
To bring a gentle girl
Before a grave tribunal whence
Her foe his spite may hurl
At her defenceless head, and fix
Dishonour on a name
All spotless hitherto, and free
From slightest breath of blame.
Vain thy resistance, tender one !
The coach is at the door,
And thou dost plead in vain for help
From Jaques, the organ-blower,
Whom thou didst ne'er suppose could be
So roughly stern as now ;
Albeit one point of gallantry
He scorns not to allow :—
Outside the coach he takes his seat,
And leaves thee free within ;

Respectful homage such as thou
From hardest man must win :
And well he knows that neither power
Nor will hast thou to take
Advantage of his manly trust,
Or from restraint to break.

Before the grim assembly now
The hapless girl appears,
Arrayed, at first, in woman's garb,
Timidity and tears :
But quickly these are cast aside
By the strong hand of right ;
And high-souled heroism arms
The weak one for the fight.

Her scowling foeman brings his charge
Half quailing 'neath her glance ;
And, having made the holy sign,
His virtue to enhance,
"My reverend fathers ! in the name
Of Holy Church," he said,
"I take a painful task in hand,
Which yet must not be fled.

Yon lady, I am grieved to say,
Whom all so much admire,
As to her talents musical
That so adorn our Choir,

Is not so happy in the fame
Her private life attracts,
As you, her judges, shall decide
When you have heard some facts."—

"No facts can prove that falsehood true"—
The indignant victim cried :
"Lady!" said voices more than one,
"Your cause is to be tried :
Therefore reserve your self-defence,
Speak not till so desired ;
Attentive silence best will serve
Your answers when required."

Attentive silence then she kept,
And, when the Court was hushed,
Stood forward one supposed to be
The man who rudely rushed,
With angry taunts, within the room
Where sat the Artists fair ;
The same whose violence gave rise
To swooning moments there.

Proceeded then the wily priest—
"My fathers, here is one
Who knows how, harboured by the accused,
A character undone
Becomes the cherished friend of her
Whom we may not permit
To lose repute, though she herself
May deem such friendship fit."

This worthy speech was here disturbed—
A cry of "Murder!—Thieves!"
Breaks loudly from the witness box—
The Council then perceives
That some confusion there has been,
And by some dire mistake,
Poor brainless Michael has been brought
(As usual, half awake).

To speak the truth with all his might,
'And nothing but the truth'—
'Things are not what they seem,' and he
Was not the expected youth.
Great was the anger of the priest
Who called on Jaques to tell
The meaning of a farce as sad
As ever Court befell.

Jaques stammered out his dire amaze,
And vowed he only knew
That he sought out the proper man
(The 'right good man and true')—
To this tribunal to declare
What wickedness had dwelt
Within the specious breast of one
Who at the Altar knelt,

Permitted, as she was, to take
A part in holy themes,
Yet daring sacrilegiously
To share in evil schemes :

At least, if not to share, to smile
On one of evil doing,
Instead of such companionship
Religiously eschewing.

No more that day the Court could sit,
Its gravity took fright ;
But still the matter was too grave
To be abandoned quite.
Besides, it suited not the priest
To suffer a defeat ;
So that day fortnight then was fixed,
The business to complete.

Now, pending the adjournment day,
Our priest bestirred himself
To solve the mystery of the scene
With that half-witted elf
In unbecoming mockery,
Thrust forward to defeat
The ends of justice, and the law
Unlawfully to cheat.

Bethought he, then, that he had heard
That crazy cry before—
“It surely must be that,” he said,
“Which scared me from the door
Of that hot-headed organist ;—
But then—how came he there ?—
Another piece of roguery,
Forsooth to be laid bare !”

With all despatch he sought the house
Where dwelt the Organ blower,
To question him, and by his help
The depth to fathom lower
Of mystery that held in check
His carefully laid plot
For vengeance on the luckless pair,
Now in his eyes a blot.

The Organist and Cantatrice
He felt assured were leagued,
With Jaques' help to spoil the plan
He had so well conceived.
Jaques met him with a troubled look
That justified suspicion ;
The priest, elated, thought he saw
The way to work contrition.

"Confess, my son, I read thy guilt
In thine own face revealed ;
Attempt no subterfuge—from me
No wrong can be concealed."—
"Alas ! my father, I confess"—
The priest was now all ears—
"Confess, my son, he said again,
Confess, and calm thy fears."

"This know, then," said the penitent,
"I set to work with full intent
To bring your witness to the diet,
But took a bribe, to save his quiet,

And put another in his place.
For this, my poverty, your grace,
Is all the plea that I can make
Why you should mercifully take
My penitential grief to heart,
And deem me punished by the smart
Of an accusing conscience."—"Wretch!"
The priest replied, "think not to stretch
Divine compassion so unduly
That it may wink at conduct truly
Black as the pit which they deserve
Who dare from sacred trust to swerve.
Since bribes thou lovest, here is one
Thou mayest take, or be undone.
Bring to the Council him you ought
On this occasion to have brought;
And with him bring the cunning knave
For whom the Church's wrath you brave;
Or deem your office at an end,
As also his whom you befriend."—
"Sir, you are merciful, and I
Will do your bidding faithfully."
The priest withdrew, and thought he saw
An ending of his doubtful war,
With clearance for a little stroke
Of patronage for place bespoke,
On the first vacancy for one
Whom his own Patron had begun
To wish might take the highest stand

In Church, of all the vocal band.

* * * * *

The days have sped,—yet one day more,
And then the Conclave, as before,
Will sit to carry on the question
That erstwhile suffered from congestion.
But Theodosia, will she stand
Again before the sacred band
Assembled to maintain the right
And keep the Church's honour bright?—
Not so, my reverend fathers, she
Lies fever-stricken, and will be
Exempted by the doctor's care
From further question, foul or fair.
Her life has hung upon a thread
Since last she met your aspect dread,
But ye may hear what she has prayed
Whilst on a bed of suffering laid—
“That it may please Thee to forgive
Our enemies, and bid them live
With hearts from evil counsels turned,
When they discover they have burned
With indignation all misplaced
Against a victim not disgraced
As they supposed, but heeding well
Sweet Mercy's mandate to dispel
The grief that on another fell.”

So ‘persecutors, slanderers’
May profit by such prayers as hers,

For 'great is truth and will prevail,'
Though cunning wrap the specious tale
In Plausibility's own garb,
And deftly point the rankling barb.

'Tis now the day for further search
Into the case that Holy Church
(As saith our priest) must needs pursue,
With help of witnesses most true.
Jaques had been this time faithful found,
By fear of awful penance bound,
A medical certificate
Of Theodosia's dangerous state
Was first put in, at which *one* face
Upon the bench revealed a trace
Of troubled wrath, till requisition
Was made to hear the deposition
On which the Organist was cited :
And he began—" I am invited
To give account for having taken
The part of her so sadly shaken
By this most cruel charge of shame
Now made against her spotless name,
Then be it known that she is clear
Of moral taint as any here ;
And he who hath her peace laid waste
May well repent his grievous haste ;
For, should her health return no more,
Or death ensue—for to death's door
Hath she been brought—methinks his heart

Must fail him for the ruthless part
He has been acting. That she shielded
One who had to temptation yielded,
Is not denied ; but she has wrought
Such good as ever must be thought
Her highest praise, while deeds of grace
Find favour with the human race.
The witness ye had thought to-day
Would prove the charge, can better say
How to condemn her all has failed,
And how her goodness has prevailed
With him to do the best he might,
Amending, by the Marriage rite,
A prior wrong. This may be known
By Vestry-records where 'tis shewn.
So Theodosia should be raised
From her deep sorrow, to be praised
For all that makes an honoured name,
And puts the foes of truth to shame."—
He ceased, and, thrilling with surprise,
The holy fathers rubbed their eyes,
(Tears were in some) for pity took
The place of anger, but a look
Of doubt on *one* embittered face,
That half betrayed its evil case,
Caused a suggestion to be made
That it were well there should be laid
Before the Council confirmation
Of this but slightly-vouched narration.

Without delay did one appear
 Who made the marriage fully clear,
 A witness with certificate.
 Putting the fact beyond debate
 And thus again the sitting ended
 Without results our priest intended ;
 But he, poor man, soon came to see
 It would be well for him to be
 Far from the precincts of St. Chad ;
 And Fortune's favour made him glad,
 By finding him another sphere
 Where he might more at ease appear,
 With every chance for mended manners,
 And wholesome dread of mischief planners.

* * * * *

Heaviness may endure for a night,
 But joy cometh in the morning ;
 And death-clouds dark may be dispersed
 By reviving rays adorning,
 With sunbeam glow, the wintered life
 For a time eclipsed in gloom :
 And so Theodosia found it
 As health's returning bloom
 Relumed her faded cheek,
 And lifted her load of care,
 Till she rose to her former self—
 If possibly, still more fair.
 Discreetly her foe had departed,
 And the charges against her had failed :

Her goodness, no less than her gifts,
For full restitution availed.
She returned to her place in the choir,
With talents and virtues admitted ;
Resuming the leading position
For which not another was fitted.
So we find her again at her home,
After leaving the organist's wife,
Who had nursed both herself and her pupil
While each was in peril of life.
And although that most Christianly woman
Would have toiled without thought of reward,
She surely was well requited
By the smile of her Heavenly Lord.

* * * * *

And now one returns on the scene
Whose name has already appeared ;
And Constance again with her friend
Holds conference doubly endeared.
So strange are the things she relates—
Some would think them far stranger than fiction—
They are facts, notwithstanding, and such
As rise above all contradiction.

(Constance speaks, in admiration)
" Theodosia, dearest friend !
Blessings beyond calculation
Will on thee through life attend.

When an erring sister sought thee,
Overwhelmed in soul-distress,
Thou didst bless, and ne'er bethought thee
'Twas *my cousin* thou didst bless.

What we owe thy self-denial
We can never half declare,
But we know how sore a trial
Hath been banished by thy care.

Two wrong-doers saw thee languish
Victim of their evil ways ;
Pitying Heaven turned thine anguish
Into Joy's exulting lays.

Deeds like thine (on high recorded)
Could but melt each heart of stone :
Richly now thou art rewarded,
Seeing *one* the past atone.

Doubtless, too, the *other* beareth
Thy pure memory in mind,
And it may be only careth
In repentance peace to find.

So, in suffering and in sadness
Thou didst sow, but now shalt reap
Golden harvest-sheaves of gladness
Known by none but those who weep.

Now I have a tale surprising
For thine unsuspecting ear ;
Brighter sunlight is arising
In my prospects, once so drear.

Toiling worker, thou hast known me,
Though I sank not in the strife,
Till one came who would enthrone me
As the partner of his life.

Youth of noble soul and bearing,
Yet a toiler like myself :
Then I felt how hard the sharing
Life on scanty larder-shelf.

So I counselled patient waiting
Till our fortunes should increase ;
But we now may soon be mating,
For my penury doth cease.

Yea, though passing strange the story
Of my new-found happiness,
Thou, sweet friend, wilt fully glory
In the truth I now confess.

He who loves me thou esteemest
As the son of thy good friend,
Who so nobly, in extremest
Need of ours, did succour lend.

Deputy for organ playing,
With his father, brings but fame,
Slender wealth, as yet, displaying,
Ere he can achieve a name.

Little wonder that the kindness
Of his parents in him dwelt ;
Till, with all a lover's blindness
Some regard for me he felt.

Thus it happened I was willing
He should have his loving way,
For I felt my own heart thrilling
To be only his for aye.

Well he knew my lot was lowly,
While high Art might be his prize :
Yet he knew affection holy
Teacheth two fond hearts to rise.

Little guesseth he that lately
I have come to fair estate,—
Fitting those who live sedately—
Making me a helpful mate.

Happy will be his awaking
On prosperity's calm tide :
None can say he thought of taking
To himself a monied bride.

But you must be sadly yearning
For a clue to puzzling speech ;
Therefore, since you would be learning
More about it, I will teach.

Know then that I now inherit
What had long been reckoned lost ;
Seized by one whose greedy spirit
Would not let him count the cost.

For it tempted him to action
That he deemed would be his gain ;
Though instead of satisfaction,
Yielding but the curse of Cain.

Thirty years of life all blighted
Since my father's kinsman died,
Have with ghastly visions frightened
Him who stopped the life-blood's tide.

Aided by two worthless creatures
Who the healing art professed,
Drugs so changed the sick man's features,
That each plotter now confessed,

"Lest the relatives should waken
To suspicion after death,
Great precaution must be taken—
Seize whatever witnesseth !"

So at our abode a stranger
Late at night in haste arrived,
Charged to tell of life in danger,
And, whilst left alone, contrived

From our portrait album's keeping
To remove the face desired,
Not then missed, suspicion sleeping
Until later things transpired.

Promptly then my father travelled
In obedience to the call—
Call mysterious ; since unravelled—
Clearly manifest to all.

Though our kinsman was decaying,
Being far advanced in years,
Nothing had occurred betraying
Symptoms to awaken fears.

Therefore sudden was the ailing
That portended near demise,
So before the final failing
It was needful to devise

Proof that there was no wrong dealing ;
So the nephew was brought in,
Shewing that all proper feeling
Dwelt with him who meant to win.

Well 'twas known how near the ending
 'Twould be safe to play these arts ;
All this piety pretending
 Not till power of speech departs.

Dismal night and dreary morning
 Passed my father by that bed—
Nought of converse, nought of warning
 From that sleeper with the dead !

No executor was needful—
 Trusted manager was there—
He, who had for years been heedful,
 Made the burial rites his care.

All was duly undertaken,
 Floral wreaths were well supplied :
Still some wonder did awaken
 That the face of him who died

Seemed in outline strangely altered—
 Yet, as trusted ones were there,
No beholder would have faltered
 In his faith that all was fair.

Next of kin, my father's mother
 Always deemed the legatee
Of a loving only brother
 If survivor she should be.

Nephew, too, he much affected
As his sister's only son,
So, with reason, 'twas expected
Heirship in their line would run.

Other influence, however,
Intervened to set aside
Nature's dictates, and to sever
Bonds that commonly abide.

But, before full revelation
Could be made, the grave had closed,
And, in seeming veneration,
New found heir had seen disposed

Final clod, as if assurance
Were desirable that day
That the silenced one from durance
Should by no means break away.

Though, at first, this strange demeanour
Passed for pious sentiment
Some have since, in thought serener
Judged it not the sole intent.

To the residence returning,
After slight repast, the guests
Much were scandalized at learning
What had been deceased's behests :—

Such behests—such secret dealing
As could not with honour dwell ;—
Now from out his late concealing,
Steps the worker of the spell.

'Tis for manager so trusted
As the confidential friend,
Heirs must find themselves out-thrusted—
Asked the mockery to commend.

Coolly to my father's father
Passed he then "a Deed of Gift."
Seeming disconcerted, rather,
That no voice approved its drift.

When the reading was completed—
Blood-relations all disowned,
And a crafty alien treated
Sole successor, fully throned,

Unabashed the self-made owner
Sought opinion of our Sire,
Hoping he would prove condoner
Of a treachery so dire.

But he found he was mistaken,
For a calm reproof he met,
Such as must his nerves have shaken,
Such as he might ne'er forget.

He was told, in quiet bearing,
That his master's kindred knew
For his services, his sharing
Some advantage was his due.

Yet that, utterly ignoring
Others' dues, would serve him ill :
He might live to be deploring
That his coffers thus should fill.

So it fell : though prosperous trading
Swelled the substance thus acquired,
Not a year of Fortune's aiding
But destroyed the peace desired.

Till, at length, in years decaying,
Yet more bowed with keen remorse,
Yearly richer, yet betraying
Darker gloom of downward course.

Conscience wrought, until, converted,
He resolved, as best he might,
Out of wealth of old perverted
Next descendant to requite.

When he found his end was nearing,
Will he made, enriching me :
And amid the final clearing
Of his papers, sad to see,

There was found a full narration
Of his early work of dread,
Making life a consternation,
Haunted by the avenging dead.

There were also scraps of writing,
Penned in agony of mind,
When, enduring conscience-smiting,
Occupation he must find ;

But intended for destruction
Ere another eye should read,
Or acquire a full instruction
Touching details of his deed.

Incapacity, however,
For the ordering his affairs
Overtook him, and, for ever,
Left him helpless, unawares.

Thus he found himself o'ertaken
By the palsy he had wrought
For his victim :—speech-forsaken,
He had lost the power of thought.

Constance, from these copied writings
Next some fearful extracts reads
Whilst the truly sad recitings
Tell a tale which now proceeds.

“Thou ghastly portrait, taken by the light,
Why did I send for thee in that black night?—
I cast thee in the flames, but should have known

Fire burns no work the sun has made his own.
I did but kindle fire in my own brain,
Fed by thy glimmering eyes, that mock my pain :
Thy gibbering lips approach my tortured ear
As if to mutter ' Poisoners are here !'—

'Twas well the power of utterance was fled
Before we summoned to his dying bed
His unsuspecting nephew, else the crime
Had been divulged before the fitting time.—
Hence! phantom vapour :—Thou wilt melt away
When morning sunbeams herald in the day.”—

“Nay! sunbeams and quicksilver are *my life*!
No phantom vapours they! With them thy strife
Is profitless. Thou thoughtest me *a card*
Easily pilfered from its place, but hard
To place in calm serenity again
When rifling hands have left their tell-tale stain.—
I for a moment go, but shall return
To meet thee in the busy mart. I yearn
To sit with men at noontide for a new
Portrayal of myself in camera view ;
Then friends and foes may judge why thou did'st care
To hide me from all eyes that might compare
Former and latter lineaments, and say
Whether or not in peace I passed away !”——
And sure enough he came—distracting sight !
Flooding the office wall with spectral light
That far outshone the noon—Colossal size
He took and glared on me with scathing eyes.

I swooned and dropped. My friends knew not the
cause,

They thought me over-worked, and bade me pause.
And pause I did ; but soon I had to learn
That spectres in my brain must ever burn,
At least as long as I dragged out my days
In blighted life. Then I resolved to raise
My prostrate nerves by energetic driving
In all my business plans, and, in their thriving,
To soothe my secret pangs. But, day and night,
For all these weary years the avenging sprite
Hath sat upon my soul and tortured it
With fearful foretastes of the fiery pit.

What shall I do? O Heaven! whither turn?
I feel my end approaching, do not spurn
My cry for mercy.—Hark! he comes once more—
I hear his footfalls, as fell once before
The earth-clods on his coffin at my bidding
While I, with seeming piety, was ridding
My mind of loads that still refused to lie
Save on the surface, glaring at the sky.
And I must hear those thudding sounds, and see
Those fiery visions till from earth I flee—
And then,—oh! whither flee?—Great Heaven! again
I, writhing crave deliverance from the pain
Of life all cursed, yet deathless. But if peace
May follow restitution, I release
From straitened lot my victim's sister's child,
By willing that the fortune once beguiled

By me from rightful kinsfolk, be replaced
With her, and my past wrong so far effaced.

A closing word or two, and then the end—
Where are my two co-workers who did lend
Their aid with such convivance as I sought?
From earth they've passed—are they to judgment
brought?

Are we to meet again?—and, in what state?—
Questions too dreadful!—Draw the veil and wait!”

* * * * * *

The veil was drawn, and now the air
From visions vile to visions fair
Was changed for our just dealing friends,
To make for all past grief amends.
In brightening suns one bosom swells
With joyful thoughts of marriage bells;
While for the other loving one
A calmer epoch has begun
To gladden with celestial rays
The vista of her coming days
With ease of mind through added wealth,
And body bless'd with strengthened health.

* * * * * *

Day, months, and seasons quickly passed,
With skies but little overcast
For our old friends, till, one sad day,
The wife of one was called away,
And our good organist was left
Of matchless mate and friend bereft.

Dire was his lot, but heavenly hope
Helped him with mortal grief to cope.
He knew the resurrection morn
Would change the prospect, now forlorn ;
And re-united friends would raise
New anthems to Jehovah's praise.
The priest had grown a worthier man
Since this our history began ;
And Jaques, the jovial Organ-blower,
Had married Betsy, now no more
In toiling servitude as when
We last beheld her ; for, e'en then
Had Theodosia quite resolved
To help her fortunes till absolved
From such oppressive drudgery.—
And help she did, as thus we see.

Now let the priest one moment share
Our pleased attention. Though 'tis rare
For pride to quit the hold once gained
O'er mortal breast :—for him remained
Reflections on his past career,
And on that heavenly soul so clear
Of human rancour as to pray
For those who drove her peace away.
Then by degrees a strange control
Took such possession of his soul
As bade him ask, Can it be right
That they who serve the Church should slight
The highest boon that Heaven bestows,

By wedded life to lessen woes,
To strengthen virtue, weaken vice,
And make the life a sacrifice
Whose incense, rising to the skies,
Wafts with it souls who heavenward rise?
Thus pondered he, then thought he saw
Grave error in his Church's law,
That makes celibacy essential
For all who seek a priest's credential :
He could not reconcile such rule
With that more Apostolic school
Which taught how Bishops and their wives
Might bless the Church by holy lives.
At length he did what has been done
By, here and there, a Papal son :
He joined the Reformation Church,
And left the other 'in the lurch : '—
A flippant rhyme, but not so meant—
He left his Church with just intent.
For when a man discovers error
He should not cling to it in terror
Of what forsaking it may cost,
In trouble met, or joyance lost.
Whether he found a wife, or no,
Does not appear, but this we know
His just intent and broadened views
Must needs have taught him to refuse
To wear the fetters that would bind
Man's noblest faculty—his mind,

Surrendering it, forgetful still
That none, without an act of *will*
Can yield inertly to the call
That bids the judgment meekly fall,
A palsied thing that questions not—
Torpidity its *chosen* lot!

The priest no further need we trace
Than just to note an act of grace
That shewed him in relenting mood,
As to his former attitude
Towards Theodosia and her friends :
On them he called, to make amends
By asking pardon. Much surprise
Was felt by those before whose eyes
Days half forgotten had displayed
Events that banished memories made
Unwelcome for review : but now
The softened visitor, with bow
Of courteous friendliness, besought
That all the mischief he had wrought
Might be forgiven, and his grief
Accepted for his soul's relief.
Well had he done his peace to trust
To natures little prone to thrust
A penitent wrong-doer back,
Unshriven, on his conscience-rack.
And so the meeting prospered well,
And, ere it closed, each had to tell
Of changes by the years effected,

As if to prove "the unexpected"
(As saith the proverb) doubly sure,
While all besides remains obscure.
The priest had first to make confession
As to his latter-day secession
From his ancestral Church and Creed ;
And this he feared might seem a deed
To them, so deadly in its dye
As absolution to defy.
He was surprised to find that both
Singer and organist, though loth
To quit their Church without strong reason,
Deemed it no sort of moral treason
For men to follow their conviction,
Rather than live in contradiction
Of creed professed ; whilst they, in turn,
Felt no desire new creeds to learn.

Then to the priest was statement due
Of changes lately brought to view.
There rests but little now to tell
Since the great sorrow that befell
The much lamenting organist,
Doomed in bereavement to exist
When his fond wife was called away,
And he to sadness left a prey.
But Time, who brings the healing balm,
The heart's repose, the spirit's calm,
Discoursed of one who, in his eyes,
Had lately seemed a heavenly prize,

Fitted to soothe a troubled breast
And yield it all of peace and rest
That earth may know. But could he hope
That she, his junior, would cope
With much disparity of age
And share his shortened pilgrimage?
'Twould seem as if a bird of air
Gave answer, she did once declare,
"An old man's petted darling she
Rather than young man's slave would be."
His cherished hope at length made known :—
The gentle maid became his own :
And he has now a sunny life,
For Theodosia is his wife !

THE SACRIFICE ON MOUNT CARMEL

Hasten to Carmel's consecrated height,
For Baal bids his worshippers unite
To prove him lord of all. His prophets there
In goodly phalanx for a scene prepare
Which shall decide on whom the fire divine
That hallows sacrifice doth truly shine.
On one side, 'he that troubleth Israel,'
Lonely, imperilled, dauntless, stands to tell
The doubting concourse how to try the worth
Of one who claims the lordship of the earth.
Over against the fearless prophet stand

More than four hundred of the priestly band
That sounds the praise of Baal—ready they
For any work devout that yieldeth pay,
But more than ever ready to uphold
The cause of error when the truth is bold
And must be silenced. 'Tis a test severe
Elijah hath propounded, but to fear
And flinch it will but be to say they yield,
Ignobly vanquished, on an unfought field.
They take the challenge, as with one consent
The people's voice declares them well content.

Upon the pile the slaughtered bullock bleeds ;
Upon his knees the priest of Baal pleads :—
On Baal now the gathering voices cry
“Oh ! Baal ! hear us from thy throne on high !”
Both morn and noon that litany has heard
But Baal yet hath answered not a word.
“Oh ! Baal ! hear us !” fainting voices groan,
As, gashed and bleeding, on the altar stone
The self-devoted worshippers now leap,
Their sacrifice in their own blood to steep.

Above their frantic noise a voice resounds—
A hush ! a mute despair ! then frenzy's bounds
Are passed, and maddened multitudes must hear,
In helpless plight, the voice that does not fear
To mock their fruitless ravings—“Cry aloud !
He is a god, cry loudly, cry aloud !
He is a god, and either he is talking,
Or in pursuit, or may be he is walking !”

"'Tis he, the mocking prophet : Baal ! hear us !
Prove that he lieth, and that thou art near us !"

"Cry loudly ! peradventure Baal sleepeth,
And must be waked."—The shade of night on
creepeth,

The hour of evening sacrifice draws nigh,
While feebly still ascends the weary cry
"Oh ! Baal, hear us !" But their grief and pain
None answereth or heareth. All is vain,
Oh ! ruthless Baal ! thou hast had a day
Of homage deep as flesh and blood can pay !
How sad, if thou wert God this world would be ;
If thou wert God, without an eye to see
Earth's bleeding victims, or an ear to hear
The sigh of hearts that none but God can cheer.
If thou wert God, without a hand to quell
Those riot-wrongs that would evoke a hell
From Eden's groves themselves, at Satan's will,
If Satan found not One his Master still,
But One there is, and, Baal, thou'rt not he,
Therefore the people shall depart from thee.

See, now heroical in faith he stands,
The lonely man who all that host commands
To silence, he commands them, too, to come
Near unto him ; and near to him they come :
The altar of the Lord he next repairs,
And for his own pure sacrifice prepares.
Twelve stones, to typify the chosen tribes,
He takes, and to Jehovah's name inscribes

His work of faith ; but *more*, on this great day,
To truth than *nature's* homage would he pay :
Well knoweth he that God will bless his zeal
And with a *miracle* his mission seal.
Therefore he forms an ample trench around,
That quenching water may the whole surround :
And now he bids the people three times drench
The sacrifice and wood, until the trench
Is filled : and then ascends his fervent prayer—
“ Lord God of Israel ! this day declare
That I am thine, and have done all these things
At Thy command : hear me, O King of Kings !
That all this people may discern that Thou
Alone art God, the Lord to whom to bow
In worship, and that thou hast turned their heart
Back unto truth and Thee again ! ” Apart
The holy prophet stands—the fire descends,
Consumes the sacrifice, and wood, then spends
Its power supernal on the stones and dust,
Nor ceases till the hostile water must
In incense-vapour unto heaven arise,
An offering to the Maker of the skies.
The dried up trench bears witness to the power
Of Him whose spirit, at the final hour,
Shall bid this earth, with its encircling seas,
Burn swiftly as the stubble from dry trees.

Before such flame the people prostrate fall,
Fear, wonder, adoration filling all :—
“ The Lord, he is the God ! ” they twice reply,

While vainly Baal's false ones seek to fly.

"Take Baal's prophets—let not one escape!"
The one true prophet cries, his human shape
Now towering with divinity's own might.
Taken they are, whilst down from Carmel's height
To Kedron's brook Elijah drives the band,
To bleed beneath his own avenging hand.

Oh! who again shall prophesy deceits?
Or who shall dare to practise counterfeits
In things divine; or who shall tempt the ire
Of God by bringing their unhallowed fire
Into His Temple, and still hope to flee
The judgment of their guilt? Shall they not be
Themselves the sacrifice, consumed, accurst,
Whose smoke for ever from the pit shall burst!

ISSAC'S MARRIAGE

A CANTATA. (Genesis xxiv.)

VOICES.

Soprano	-	Rebekah the Bride.
Alto	-	Angel of the Lord.
Tenor	-	Eliezer—Abraham's Steward.
"	-	Laban—Rebekah's Brother.
"	-	Isaac—The Bridegroom.
Bass	-	Abraham—Isaac's Father.
"	-	Bethuel—Rebekah's Father.
Quartett	-	Bride's Mother and others.
Chorus	-	Bride's Kindred and household.

Recitative.—*Abraham.*

Machpelah's cave! within thy silent walls,
Soon, soon may I repose! But Isaac lives,

And I must live awhile, for him and his—
My trusty Eliezer !

Eliezer.

Here am I,
My lord, to act thy will, or, might it be,
To suffer in alleviation of thy grief,
My widowed master !

Abraham.

Then, I pray thee, swear
By the Lord God of heaven, and God of earth,
Thou wilt not take (to deepen all my grief)
A Canaanitish wife unto my son ;
But to my country and my kindred go,
And take a wife for Isaac.

Eliezer.

Peradventure
The woman be not willing to this land
To follow me, then, must I lead thy Son
Again unto the land from whence thou earnest ?

Abraham.

Nay, thither lead not thou my Son again :—
The Lord, the God of heaven, that sware to me
And said, “unto thy seed I give this land,”
Shall send his angel forward, who will speed
Thy mission ; and from thence unto my son
A wife shalt thou engage ; but, should it be
She will not follow thee, then from thine oath
Thou shalt be clear : see only that thou lead not

Thither my son again. The Lord be with thee.

Angel of the Lord.

Our fairest mission from above,
On earthly ministrations,
Is to attune the harp of love
To heavenly modulations.
Gladly we take our golden lyres,
To bless the ears of mortals,
We joy to fan young hearts pure fires
With breath from Heaven's own portals.
And some have heard our glowing strains
With their own music blending,
And thought that in our azure plains
Each marriage cause is pending.
In truth each *holy* one *doth* share
Jehovah's richest blessing—
But hark ! I hear a mortal's prayer
To Heaven its plea addressing !

Eliezer.

O Lord God of my master, Abraham,
Send me good speed this day, and shew, I pray Thee,
Kindness unto my master, Abraham.
Behold I stand here by the well of water
Whilst the damsels of the city come out to draw
water,
And let it be that unto whom I say
"Let down thy pitcher, pray, that I may drink,"

And she shall make reply—
“Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also”—
Let the same be she thou hast appointed
For thy servant Isaac ; and thereby shall I know
That Thou hast shewed kindness to my master.

Air.

Behold I stand by the well,
And the men of the City's fair daughters
Come forth at the cool hour of eve
To draw of the life-giving waters.

And, first of the beauteous train,
See one full of grace draweth near !—
How soon, to the worshipper's prayer,
Lends our God his beneficent ear !

Recitative.

Fair damsel ! let me drink a little water,
I pray thee, from thy pitcher.

Rebekah.

Drink, my lord :—
I will draw water for thy camels also ;
'Tis joy to help the grateful animals.

Eliezer.

Surely my God hath prospered me in this !
And Isaac's wife is here—and Isaac's bliss !—
Again, with loving heart and lovely brow,
Swiftly she comes—

Whose daughter, pray art thou?
Tell me, bright maid! and whether there be room
For us within thy father's house to lodge?

Rebekah.

I am the daughter of Bethuel, Sir,
The son of Milcah, which she bare to Nahor.
We have both straw and provender enough,
And room to lodge in. I'll prepare the way.

Eliezer.

Blessed be the Lord God of my master, Abraham,
Who hath not left destitute my master of His mercy,
I, being in the way, the Lord hath led me
Unto the dwelling of my master's brethren.

Laban.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Wherefore standest thou without?
I have prepared the welcome board,
Room there is for thee and thine.

Rebekah's Kindred.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Wherefore standest thou without?

Eliezer.

Kind hosts, ye have my thanks, but I'll not eat
Until my errand I have told.

Laban.

Speak on.

Eliezer.

Know, then, I'm Abraham's servant, and the Lord
Hath blessed my master greatly ; flocks and herds,
And riches in abundance ; and a son
Of promise, whose high birth by miracle
Was marked, hath God bestowed. Upon this son
His widowed father's benediction rests ;
A world of wealth and love he pours on him—
And well the youth deserves it : he is fit
To bless each member of the human race—
Indeed, the Lord ordains it, that, in him
Shall all the nations of the earth be blest.
Now, for this son my master made me swear
No Canaanitish wife would I allow,
But take him one from hence—

Bethuel.

How sayest thou ?
From *hence* ? How reckonest thou in this behalf ?

Eliezer.

I came this day unto the well, and said,
O Lord God of my master, Abraham !
If now thou prosperest my way herein,
Behold I stand here by the well of water,
And it shall come to pass that when the virgin
Cometh to draw, and freely lends her service
To me and to my camels, when I seek
To slake our thirst, Lord, let the same be she
Whom thou hast chosen for my master's son.

I had not ceased before thine own Rebekah
 Came forth in grace and goodness, answering all
 That I had prayed and purposed : then I placed
 Those jewelled gifts upon thy daughter's form,
 And bowed and blessed the God who answers prayer.
 Now, therefore, tell me if, or not, ye will
 Deal kindly with my master, that I may
 Unto the right, or to the left hand turn.

Bethuel and Laban.

The thing proceedeth from the Lord ;
 We cannot speak thee bad or good :
 Behold Rebekah is before thee !
 Take her and go, as God hath spoken,
 Thy master's son's wife let her be.

Pastoral Music.

(Evening repast of the family household, shepherds, &c.)

Eliezer.

(On the morning following).

In sweet remembrance of the happiness
 Your hospitable household hath conferred,
 Let me, my kindly hosts, with this bright dawn,
 Now speed unto my master.

REBEKAH'S MOTHER, -	}	<i>Trio.</i>
REBEKAH'S BROTHER,		
ELIEZER,		

But let the damsel yet abide with us
 At least some few days longer, ere she go.
 Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath bless'd

And made my way so prosperous : send me hence,
That I may to my master hasten home.

Then we will call the damsel, and inquire
At her own mouth her purpose.—Wilt thou go
With this man whither he shall guide ?

Rebekah.

I will.

Rebekah's Household.

(Chorus).

Then take our blessing, for thou art our sister,
And though *we* lose thee, may *thy* gain be this—
Thousands of millions, for posterity,
Be thine, and let thy favoured seed possess
The gate of those which hate them. Fare thee well.

March.

(On the road).

Air.

Angel of the Lord.

Now speed thee, happy bride,
While thy good angel singeth ;
To thee the Eventide
A gentle lover bringeth.

On thee thy Maker smiles,
With thee shall rest His favour ;
To thee earth's utmost isles
Will one day trace a Saviour.

Then speed thee, happy bride,
While thy good angel singeth :
See, the sweet Eventide
Thy favoured husband bringeth.

Rebekah.

Sweetly sound the camel bells,
Gaily march the minstrel bands,
Whilst I quit our Syrian wells,
Journeying from my fatherlands.

Sweet emotions swell my heart,
Hope's bright visions gild my way ;
Yet I cannot lightly part
With th' impressions of to-day.

I have been a happy maid,
Kindred hearts with mine have twined—
Of the morrow I'm afraid—
Who hath found it always kind ?

Yet the promise, yet Jehovah
Join to bless me, it is said :
And my trusted guide, moreover,
Pours all praise on Isaac's head.

Stay, my fluttering heart !—Who yonder
Walks at Evening hour alone ?
Wrapt in bliss, he seems to ponder
Themes the starry heights might own.

Eliezer.

Fair one, 'tis my dear young master,
If mine eye hath well discerned—
Be prepared—he neareth faster
As his face is hither turned.

Isaac.

(Soliloquy).

“Marriages are made in heaven”—
So the proverb ; and, if true,
Come what may of Sorrow's leaven,
God approving, who needs rue?

Hence ! unworthy doubts and fears !
Woman hath a right to man :
And a world of smiles and tears
Little suits a lonely man.

Two can better bear the weight,
When a burden is ordained :
Two can double joy's estate,
When a happiness is gained.

Yet a stronger sense impelleth
Youthful spirits to unite,
For in youth a beauty dwelleth
Few can innocently slight.

And a stronger feeling still
Must be mine when'er I wed :
I must be *without a will*,
By some mystic influence led.

Cavalcade.

(Music advancing).

Isaac.

(In Interview).

Who now approaches? Ah! how hast thou gained
On my unconscious ramble, Eliezer?

Eliezer.

God grants swift embassies when those He loves
Need service, dearest youth! And is thy sire,
My honoured master, weary of my stay,
Or, thinks he, as thou dost, my journey swift?
But chiefly for his health I'm now concerned,
Grieves he as much, these last few days, as ever?

Isaac.

In sooth, he cannot but be glad to see
Thee back thus early, and for his own health,
'Twill please thee well to know he hath beguiled
His sorrow in his deep regard for me.
He told me of your journey's aim, and begged
(Strange pleading) that I would not cross his efforts
To see my worldly happiness secured.
He doubtless thought me harder than I am,
And, in his father-love, could scarcely deem
That I, though self-concerned, myself could love.
In truth, good Eliezer, had he not
In some degree clapped wings upon my thoughts,
Perhaps they had not sped so far as marriage.
A mother's love is not so soon forgotten :—

But, as thy face beams gratitude and joy,
Th' Almighty's blessing doubtless speeds the cause;
So I am ready, for I have not failed
To seek that blessing too. Now, therefore, lead,
And I will follow in thy eager wake.
Thou seekest to unite us, and thou mayest,
If the fair maid accept my offered self.

Wedding Music.

Anthem, in varied movements, with Chorus—by chief persons,
household, and guests.

“Blessed are all they that fear the Lord and walk in
His ways.”

“For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands ;
Oh ! well is thee and happy shalt thou be.”

“Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the walls
of thine house.”

“Thy children like the olive branches round about thy
table.”

“Lo, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the
Lord.”

Abraham.

Blessed be God, for children such as ye,
God's blessing, too, attend your new estate,
And your whole life's career. Now shall I feel
One sunbeam aiding me to pierce the gloom
That hides my Sarah from my stricken sight.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE PRACTICE
OF VIVISECTION.

(Proverbs xii.)

The wisest of men has declared that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Now, if man *will* banish mercy, and choose cruelty, the beasts themselves shall put him to shame; for have we not abounding examples of noble animals so regarding the lives of their masters as to defend them to the last point, at whatever cost to themselves.

What would the Poet Byron have said about Vivisection? He wrote an epitaph for his Newfoundland dog, lamenting him as a friend, and describing him as one who possessed beauty without vanity; strength without insolence; courage without ferocity; and all the virtues of man, without his vices; closing the epitaph with these lines—

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one— and here he lies !

A little of Byron's withering scorn for mean cruelty and the perpetrators thereof, might be serviceable for suffering animals in these callous times of ours. Indeed a return to Pythagorean days might prove a blessing to the dumb creation; for it might then occur to a Vivisector how awkward it would be for him, if, in the transmigration of souls, he should ever find himself *re-volved* into an ape, from which natural specimen Science informs him that he has been

e-volved. The thing may come to pass when "history *quite* repeats itself," and then we may hope that the labours of Anti-vivisectionists will terminate to the satisfaction of all parties. At any rate it were well to remember what Solomon declared about the righteous man. He also said "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." This, too, should be borne in mind by those who would escape the wrath of Him whose "tender mercies are over all His works."

If even the mild tantalizing of the ox by muzzling him "when he treadeth out the corn" is forbidden by the Divine Lawgiver, what must He think of schools for brutalizing shrinking youths, whose sensibilities must be ruthlessly torn out before they can become accomplished vivisectionists? Truly, in this hard age we want our sensitive poets back again—men who, like Cowper, will declare—

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm !

Members of Anti-vivisection Societies who share the humane views of our best poets, will doubtless adopt all constitutional means for saving helpless animals from sufferings worse than death ; remembering the artist's touching picture of a drowning dog beaten off from a boat at sea, appealing to its would-be murderers—"Save me ! for I would save you !"

It is a libel on man, and on his august Creator, to

affirm that the well-being of the human structure cannot be secured without processes of barbarity which must prove both perpetrators and approvers to be less than human.

If Parliament should prove unable or unwilling to save the brute creation from agonies inflicted by beings claiming to be of superior order, it is likely that the Romish *dogma* of Purgatory will rise in estimation. It may be thought desirable for Purgatory to step in when Parliament refuses to *dogmatize*.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

"The songs of the Temple shall be howlings in that day."

Thus spake the Prophet Amos, in the third verse of his eighth chapter.

The revival of "Gregorians" by Ritualists has more than sufficiently fulfilled this prophecy, to the disgust of tuneful choristers, and the torture of ears unaccustomed to music in swaddling clothes.

ETIQUETTE.

He who has done his best to behave with propriety should never be taunted by an arrogant superior for some little mistake as to high-life manners. If the superior had known the true meaning of etiquette, he would himself have been too well-behaved to rebuke unintentional slips.

RELIGION, A NECESSITY.

A nation without a religion is no more to be depended on than is an irreligious individual. In each case truth will be jostled aside by evasion ; candour, by intrigue ; and evil will be done "that good may come." And even when the good comes, if it ever does, no thanks to the dissembler and the evil doer.

POLITENESS.

A Polite man may, or may not, be sincere ; but a rude man is too sincere to be pleasant. Should the former lack sincerity, try the sincerity of the latter, it will not fail to impress you deeply.

POETRY, A STIRRING INFLUENCE.

The human heart vibrates under the influence of real Poetry, even as the Eolian Lyre becomes vocal with rich harmony when the breath of Heaven stirs into motion its previously silent chords.

POETRY.

If, as some think, Poetry be the sublime of *fiction*, as to this world, it is likely to be eternal *fact* as to the next.

A CHILD'S FACE

Always smile in the face of a child. A Guardian Angel will thank you on its behalf.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

To sing these words to a pretty tune, when all around is sunshine, is a widely different thing from being solaced by them in the wreckage of our joys. The first may be done by a Tyro ;—the latter will tax a Veteran.

"THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN."

(S. John xi. 23.)

Of all the statements in Holy Writ whereon to found the belief of individual recognitions in the future state, the one above quoted may perhaps be deemed the most conclusive.

Where would have been the consolation which the Divine Saviour meant to afford the bereaved Martha, had she been merely told that the departed were destined to rise again? Would not that have left her in doubt whether the recollection of loved relations would form part of the joy of a general resurrection? But, when told that *her brother* would rise again, it is clear that, unless a *recognition* of the recovered lost one, were granted her, there would be something wanting to render her satisfaction complete.

THE TRUE CHURCH DOCTRINE.

Put not thy trust in thine own righteousness,
Nor trifle with thy known unrighteousness :
Renounce them both, and trust Redeeming Love
To teach thee fitness for the Church above.

HUMAN WANTS.

Man wants nothing beyond food, clothing, shelter, and *Extras*!

DIGNITY.

The man who stands on his dignity does not take up much room, and no one should begrudge him his hobby.

BEAUTY, BELIEF, BENEVOLENCE.

Beauty is only skin deep; Belief cannot get much deeper as to some things that we believe: Benevolence is fathomless in depth.

ÆSTHETIC BEAUTY.

In form, angular; in colour, washed out.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q.—What sort of a table should be set before a hungry man?

A.—A Chronological table, on account of its *dates*.

EMBELLISHMENT.

School-masters seldom fail in business. If the "Academy" does not pay, it is advertised for sale, and called a "Scholastic Transfer."

THE SOURCE OF GOVERNMENT

(From whence does it flow?)

This question, in its widest sense, is answered by the Sacred Volume, in the 19th Chapter of the first

book of Chronicles, verses 11 and 12: but, in its political sense, when referring to the Government of Communities, the modern idea is "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" Now, if it be granted that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," it can be so only in the secondary sense that God permits communities to select rulers for themselves, whether Princes or Presidents, Kingdoms or Commonwealths. Therefore "the powers that be" may exercise their authority under the elective, or under the hereditary principle, at the will of the people; because, in either case, the Almighty retains his controlling power "as head above all," even whilst permitting nations to judge for themselves as to the form of their political constitution. And then it follows that potentates, whether Kings or Presidents, may, without scruple, accept their position, holding themselves answerable to God first, and to their subjects next, for the righteous discharge of their governing functions.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

It has been asked—"Is life worth living?" Perhaps the answer should be—Yes, whilst you can find anyone worth loving.

JENKINS AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

Jenkins cordially approves of the apostolic injunction "Bear ye one another's burdens," but he complains

that not one of the Millionaires whom he had offered to help, would have anything to say to him.

RELIGION.

Religion is, by some seekers, supposed to exist, like the oyster, between two shells, the upper one answering to "high Church," and the under one to "low Church." Let no one put you off with either of the *shells*, when you ask for the *oyster*.

DEALERS IN STOLEN GOODS.

Coiners, forgers, and utterers of counterfeit money are not permitted to carry on their nefarious trades unmolested by the police. Smugglers are also kept in check by our Coast-guard Service. Is there any sufficient reason why known dealers in stolen goods should be exempted from the invasions of the police, who could soon spoil the business of footpads and burglars, if they were commissioned to clear out the dens that open a market for thieves, without which market their robberies would be rendered comparatively useless.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION NOT ANTAGONISTIC.

Science needs not to come into collision with Revelation. What would have been the use of scientific terms in describing the creation of *man*, or

in recording the solar phenomenon that aided Joshua in his battle with the Amorites? (Joshua x. 12). If the sun had not "stood still in the midst of heaven," the earth must have done so in the midst of the universe, or that day of warfare could not have been lengthened as it was. But if the people of that era had been told that it was the earth, and not the sun which slackened speed, their sensations on that moving occasion would have revolted at such an idea.

Again, what would have been the use of nineteenth century details as to glacial periods, monstrous reptiles, and geological strata, in their seething state of preparation for human existence? The book of Genesis states that (Genesis i. 1, 2,) "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The book describes the earth *after* it was called out of the existing chaos, leaving its preadamite condition unnoticed, as a matter not just then pressing for investigation.

Thus far, where is the antagonism to scientific discovery? But, going a little further, we meet with a declaration singularly corroborative of the science that was to come—(Psalm xc. 2.) "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." Here Moses, the reputed author of the early Hebrew writings, recognizes a Genesis of earlier date than that which he places at

the commencement of our Bible. And when the modern sceptic impatiently asserts that (2 Peter iii. 4), "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," both Science and Scripture expose that fallacy, and shew that the slow progress of the ages is not stagnation. And then the explanation follows in the Psalmist's utterance that (Psalm xc. 4), "a thousand years are but as yesterday" in the unfolding of the Almighty's plans and purposes.

Well, therefore, may we hail the advance of Science, as being the power before which the darkness of scepticism is doomed to flee away, even as the darkness which was once "upon the face of the deep" was scattered at the fiat of Him who said (Genesis i. 3), "Let there be light; and there was light."

ON THE LETTER C.

Owing to the advance of knowledge we now call Cicero, Kikero—the letter C (properly K) having, amongst the skientific vikissitudes of the 19th Century given plake to K, regardless of the queer pronunkiations to which sokiety must nekessarily become re-conkiled.

He, therefore, who would avoid being pronounked a dunke, had better exerkise himself at onke over a vocabulary of his native tongue, and whenever he catches a *Kē* that he has hitherto conkeived to have the sound of *Se*, to mark it *kē*, and be sinkerely solikitous never again to commit the vulgarity of pronounking it *se*.

For instanke

“Cease” must kease for ever.

Call no man celebrated, say kelebrated.

Ask not the waiter for *Celery*—he would not know
you wanted *Kelery*.

Do not fall in love with a celestial girl, be content
with a kelestial one.

If you dekid against matrimony, do not call
yourself a celibate; for you will only be a
kelibate.

If you should meet with a chanke acquaintanke
whom you would like to rekeive into your
closer confidenke as a kerished friend, you
need not cement the friendly tie,—it will
suffike if you kement it.

MORAL DISPROPORTIONS.

The seeming disproportion between a life's sin and an eternity's suffering in penalty for it, causes much scepticism in the world. But is there not equal disproportion between a few years of hopeful living, and an eternity of ineffable bliss as its reward? Man is free to choose either condition; and, if he were not free, he might feel inclined to complain of compulsion.

FALSEHOOD SOMETIMES DESIRABLE.

Question.—When is a falsehood truly desirable?

Answer.—In the case of a false alarm.

MANNISHNESS IN WOMAN.

By all means let women throw away their feminine attractions, and take up with mannishness and boyishness.

Here are some of the blessings to be anticipated as the fashion prevails.

Men will come to their rights. They will be skilled in dressmaking and mending; and be able to sew on their own buttons.

The chief disorder of the age, over-population, will receive a salutary check. Men do not fall in love with their doctors, their lawyers, their coachmen, and their cricketers. Instead of seeking matrimony, with its costs and cares, they will take up the offices which the dear girls discard. The "unemployed" of the male sex will no longer despair of finding work, nor the "employed" of the other sex, of enjoying their playgrounds.

WILL EVOLUTIONISTS PLEASE EXPLAIN?

Advanced Science asserts that men are evolved from monkeys. Well then, when I behold a monkey what must I think of him? Must I think of him as the man that is coming, or as the monkey that is gone? I do not see how the two creatures can be co-existent. And yet neither monkeys nor men appear to have been quite "improved off the face of creation."

BATTLES WITHOUT BLOWS,

OR

COURTEOUS CONTROVERSY.

I may be wrong, and you may be right,
So, at present, I do not see why I should fight.—
You may be wrong, and I may be right,
And, in that case, I feel myself satisfied quite.

FUGUES.

A Philistine in matters musical has said that, with regard to the generality of Fugues, there is nothing finer than their final chord. I am inclined to agree with him.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES,

ARE THEY SERIOUSLY DETERIORATED?

If it were granted that the Holy Bible may have suffered deterioration in passing through human channels of translation, it would still be folly to discard it as useless—folly equalled by that of renouncing water because we cannot take it at its pure spring, from the mountain side, or the pebbly brooklet. We content our bodies with the invigorating properties of water, even though it may contract some impurities in the conduits through which it reaches our tables and our toilettes. Is it wise to drag away our souls from the “wells of salvation” opened in Holy Scripture, forbidding them there to drink and find life; there to “wash and be clean”?

MIRACLES.

Some votaries of Science scoff at the idea of miracles, because (say they) it is impossible to contravene the laws of Nature. But, to gain man's belief in an Omnipotent Being, was it not a necessity that a Power to work *miracles*—in other phraseology, *to do impossible things*, should be exhibited on earth? Things that men cannot understand and therefore deem impossible, may be quite within the comprehension of loftier intelligences; and, while man is waiting for his higher stage of being, it would become him to be grateful for the proof afforded him by miracles that there really does exist One who can control and contravene even Nature's laws. Even a child can control Nature's law of gravitation by tossing a ball, and catching it on its way to earth.

“MAN IS BORN TO TROUBLE, AS THE
SPARKS FLY UPWARD.”

(Job, v., 7.)

Should any one be tempted to ask, “Why then does not a merciful God bring births to an end, and stop the suffering daily accumulating?”—let it be answered, “As the sparks fly upward,” so should and may each created soul seek refuge upward in the bosom of the Universal Father; that Father who permitted His only Son to take human birth, and bear in his own spotless person all the mental and bodily agonies of a guilty race. And for what purpose? That, whilst

Divine Justice might be fully vindicated, Divine Mercy might show its power in destroying the works of the Devil, whose malign nature would trample all mercy in the dust. Then, as to the question whether or not our God is merciful, that must be decided by the myriads to whom the joys of the "Promised Land" would be less appreciable but for their having passed thereto "through great tribulation" in life's wilderness.

LIBERTY MISBEHAVING.

When Liberty runs wild, she rushes straight,
Into the Despot's arms—and meets her fate!

INVOCATION TO BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

No. 1.

Beautiful thoughts be mine,
Dwell in my yearning breast ;
Come in your influence divine,
Fill me with visions blest.

I shall be richer far,
Beautiful thoughts ! with you,
Richer than Emperor or Czar,
If but to me ye're true.

Come to my cottage home,
Come where my loved ones dwell :
Come to me when at Eve I roam
To catch your holy spell.

Come to declare the joys
All may possess in *thought*,
Far from the world of pomp and noise—
Joys that may not be bought.

Come in the glistening eyes
Set in a sea of love,
Mirror them forth in the starry skies—
The eyes of my gentle dove.

Unlock my wife's pure heart,
Shew me your dwelling there—
Beautiful thoughts! ye hold but part
I, too, in that dwelling share!

Come in the beaming face
And the sunny smiles of my child,
Come and arrange, with heavenly grace
Her flowers of fancy wild.

Come, beautiful thoughts! and drive
Far away all ugly things;
Dwell with us all, and we shall thrive
More richly than Eastern Kings.

INVOCATION TO BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

No. 2.

Beautiful thoughts! be mine,
Dwell in my yearning breast;
Come in your influence divine,
Fill me with visions blest.

Come in the hush of soul
Sacred to holy night ;
Instruct me from Earth's sable scroll
Lettered with starry light.

Come and expound the dream
That floats o'er the slumbering eye :—
Read me from out the moon's pale beam
Legends of bliss gone by.

Pictures of future bliss
Also reveal to me :—
Beautiful thoughts ! oh ! grant me this,
All beauteous things to see.

Enter with Music's tones,
Speak to my listening soul ;
Fill every sense that fondly owns
Melody's blest control.

Come in the Sabbath chimes
(Inseparables ye are !)
Come, for ye chant of brighter climes,
Higher than highest star !

Harmonize ye the voice
Discoursing heavenly themes ;
Illume the brow till men rejoice
In the new morning's beams.

Beautiful thoughts ! be mine,
I would be ever drinking
Blissfully from the Fount Divine
That flows from beauteous thinking.

REVOLVING LIGHTS.

That light shall gleam again
Athwart the gloomy main :
Onward bear,
Thou vessel fair !
From on high
A watchful eye
Turneth,
Burneth,
Evermore in radiance bright,
Battling with the shades of night ;
All for thee,
Thou far at sea ;
Thine with its effulgent rays,
Thine, too, with averted gaze.

And hope shall wax again,
Though for a time it wane :
Nobly bear,
Thou man of care !
From the sky
Jehovah's eye
Turneth,
Yearneth :

Ever with its loving light
Scattering the gloom of night ;
All for thee
Though thou canst see
Naught of its effulgent ray,
Once the joy of all thy way.

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

How lovely is the Spring of life,
The summer, how serene !
The Autumn with its harvest rife,
Exchanging what was green
For chilling Winter's robe of white—
All may be gladsome to the sight !

Because decay is but a change
Which needs not be for worse.
Each season hath its joyous range,
And may escape the curse
That fell on Eden when the foe
Of God and man wrought all our woe.

For thus the Mightiest hath designed
Winter shall pass to Spring,
The ploughman follow close behind
The reaper * and shall bring
Perennial fruits from buried seed
That died but to arise with speed.

* Amos ix. 13.

How lovely, then, is all the course
That life and nature run ;
Perpetual youth, unfailing force
Shall follow duty done.
Seed time and harvest aye shall last,
And Winter bring no killing blast.

WHAT SHALL BE DURABLE ?

What shall be durable? Not our enjoyments
Fresh as the flowers in the Spring time of life :
Fiercely and foully will manhood's employments
Trample all joy-buds of youth in their strife ;
And the man shall look back on his boyhood, and sigh
That the future, so trusted, so falsely could lie.

What shall be durable? All the *best* pleasures
Life in its Springtide of beauty may know :
These shall endure for the mortal whose treasures
Fresh from the Source of all happiness flow.
He shall rejoice in perennial youth
Who lives by the precepts of heavenly truth.

What shall be durable? Not tribulation,
Long though the night be that wars with the dawn :
Sorrow shall flee at its own desolation,
Appalled by the glare of Eternity's morn ;
And ransomed Creation shall bask in the light
Of a Sun that hath scattered all shadows of night.

What shall be durable? Yes—tribulation—

This shall remain for the hardened in soul :
Respite from sorrow hath one reservation—

Sin-stricken lepers must first be made whole
By the faith that will wash in the life-giving streams
Over which the bright Sun of our righteousness beams.

What shall be durable? Not the distinction

Honour and wealth on their votaries heap :
These gods of desire must suffer extinction

When Dagon and dupes in oblivion sleep,
The glory that dazzles Ambition's vain eyes,
How glories it when in corruption it lies?

What shall be durable? Yea, the distinction

Grace, mercy, and truth on the Christian bestow :
These are the glories that see no extinction

Descendants of Heaven, though dwellers below.
They may enter the grave, yet they fade not away,
But return to the orb of unquenchable day.

What shall be durable? Lover's affection,

Chord of the heart harmonious and true?
Even this "the last enemy," holds in subjection,

And, sooner or later, he'll snap it in two :
Yet an echo at parting shall sing from the sky,
The song of affection that never can die.

A SABBATH HYMN OF PRAISE.

Father of Love! Thy children raise
To Thee the thankful hymn of praise

With morning ray,
With close of day,
Thee, Bounteous Lord ! they bless alway.
But on Thy glorious Sabbath morn,
Heaven's music wakes the early dawn ;
 The Spirit sings,
 The soul hath wings,
She dwells not then with earthly things.
And when the gentle Sabbath Eve
Brings back thy children, how they grieve
 To see once more
 Earth's troubled shore,
And hear its ocean billows roar !
But that most gentle Sabbath Eve
Doth kiss thy children while they grieve—
 Ere they can weep
 They fall asleep,
In angel-plumage nestling deep.
So dost Thou, Father ! mighty ! mild !
Take care to bless each trusting child.
 From week to week
 Thou dost bespeak
His shelter in the desert bleak.
Each Sabbath is to him a flight
Still higher towards his home of light ;
 Each hymn of praise
 His harp doth raise,
Nearer in tune with Seraph-lays.

“THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD, AND
THE GLORY OF THEM.”

[Matthew iv. 8.]

As in a panoramic view
We see the semblance, not the true :
A beauteous picture meets the eye,
And nothing squalid we descry,
So when the arch-deceiver claimed
Lordship of all, and feebly aimed
To tempt the Maker of the whole
To yield the homage of His soul,
For glory of a passing day
Doomed, like himself to flee away,
He did but paint a huge deceit,
His own foul purpose to defeat.

Weak, then, are victims of the snare
Who *will* believe the prospect fair,
And, in their fond conceit, still fail
From counterfeits to tear the veil.
“Get thee behind me !” rather say,
And no deception shall betray
The clearer vision that can see
What foul corruptions there may be
Behind the fairest outward show,
Painted to hide the inward woe.

TO EARTHLY JOY.

A REMONSTRANCE FROM ONE IN MID-LIFE.

Oh! Earthly Joy, so like the light
Of waning taper, late at night!
Thou'rt fitted but for half the span,
And not for all the life of man.

Though but *my middle* watch be past,
I wake to find I've seen *thy last*;
And I must wait the coming day,
Deserted by thy fleeting ray.

Yet God will send some star of love
To beam upon me from above,
Till golden tints illumine the sky
As morning's chariot draweth nigh.

Then, newly born for endless day,
My soul shall track its heavenward way;
On wings immortal it shall soar,
Outstripping joys that fled before.

Then shall it reach the fountain-heights
Whence fell *some drops* of earth's delights;
Then shall it slake its tempered thirst
That raged in vain on ground accurst.

Then it shall bow before the throne
Of Him who made our griefs His own;
Then, with all sin and sorrow past,
Love, joy, and peace for aye shall last.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

God will provide—
Earnest worker, be not sad,
Though success attend the bad,
And thy toil seem all in vain
For the good thou would'st attain :—
Still in thy God confide.

He will provide—
“In the morning sow thy seed,”
And at Eventide take heed
Lest thou slacken hand or heart ;
Losing of thy hope a part ;
Wrong shall not aye abide.

God will provide—
If to Him thou trustest all,
Thou shalt see wrong-doers fall :
Thou shalt prove a Father's care ;—
More than answered, all thy prayer—
Far more than asked, supplied !

TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

A holy day be this,
Dear partner of my bliss
Let Sabbath chimes
Call back the times
When we, on hallowed ground, were wont to meet,
Yielding to devotion
All the soul's emotion,

Then offering at friendship's shrine
The harmonizing notes divine
That make two hearts in one blest concord beat.

Were they not Sabbath beams
That woke us from our dreams
On that bright day
When, far away
From city's din, we first in Wedlock rose?
When the glorious ocean
Joined in our devotion,
Lending its music to the strains
Of worshippers in sacred fanes
Where their wrapt souls forget all earthly woes.

Thrice welcome, then, this day,
The best on which to say
The pleasant things
A poet sings
Whene'er a birthday ode awakes his lay;
Many greetings pouring,
Every joy imploring
On her, the friend, the bride, the wife,
During the past short year of life,
Advanced one station nearer endless day.

Thine, then, dear wife! be joy
That never knows alloy,
Not only here,
But in that sphere
To which ascends the soul's undying breath;

Where no sorrow racketh,
Where no sin attacketh,
And where, in Christ's white robe arrayed,
Bright citizens shall all be made
Who're faithful found, and "faithful unto death."

THE FADING AND THE ABIDING.

Beautiful things that bud on earth,
But bloom in heaven only !
Ye greet us at our early birth,
Then leave us sad and lonely.

Enchanting scenes that fill the eye
With most extatic vision,
Too soon behind the clouds ye fly
Beyond the storm's collision.

We see our rainbow colours rent
Amid the wild commotion,
And Hope's dissolving pictures blent,
In tear-drops, with the ocean.

Ye mystic tones, ye heavenly airs
That Music wafteth o'er us !
By you, awhile, a mortal shares
In the Immortals' chorus.

'Tis but *awhile*, for oh ! too brief,
That harmony entrancing !
Called back to sounds of earthly grief,
When nigh to Heaven advancing !

'Twill not be always thus, O God !
Thou Saviour of the lost ones !
There is a rest, beneath the sod,
For tried and tempest-toss'd ones.

There is a joy beyond the skies
Will not outstrip their soaring—
A height to which no billows rise
Where none may hear their roaring.

There is a harmony sublime
Eternity will waken,
When Thou, dear Lord ! our hope in time,
Hast Thine own kingdom taken.

ALLELUIA.

“And again they said, Alleluia.”

Angels, round the throne on high,
Pour forth your Alleluias !
Seraph bands, unceasing cry
Your holy Alleluias !

Saints below, redeemed and blest,
Oh raise your Alleluias !
Pole to pole, and east to west,
Resound with Alleluias !

Heaven and earth, awake the song
Of sweetest Alleluia !
All eternity prolong
The strain of Alleluia !

Wherefore sing, O Heaven and Earth!

This constant Alleluia ?

'Tis to praise Jehovah's worth,

Ariseth "Alleluia!"

'Tis to praise the Triune Lord

All heaven sings "Alleluia!"

Rose Creation at His word,

And answered "Alleluia!"

'Tis because the creature's praise

Is due in Alleluias :—

Boundless mercies crown his days,

And ask but Alleluias :—

'Tis to praise Redeeming Love

The Church learns "Alleluia!"

Christ will have her sing above

A bridal Alleluia :—

'Tis to laud the Grace Divine

Ascend Earth's Alleluias,

Training souls in heaven to shine,

And join its Alleluias.

Therefore, sons of men, rejoice

In grateful Alleluias!

Raise to heaven, with heart and voice,

Your loudest Alleluias!

AMEN.

THE DEPARTURE.

("Set thine house in order.")

At noon the summons came,
Athwart life's taper-flame—
It passed in vapoury breath,
Whispering the name of Death :
The taper bowed its flickering crest—
The summoned spirit sang of rest :—

It sang "my work is done!"
It sang "my race is run!"
Joy to the weary soul!
The runner wins the goal!
How blest, to run and win so soon!
How sweet to pass away at noon!

In penitential strain,
The spirit sang again,
"Thou glorious Orb, whose rays
Shine on my closing days,
Little have I deserved the bliss
To lay me down 'neath thy warm kiss!"

"My work, how poorly done!
My race, how feebly run!
I but deserve night's gloom
To shroud a loiterer's tomb—
The gloom that chills the shuddering soul
Round whom despair's dark waters roll."

“But thou an emblem art
Of Him who bids depart
Each self-accusing fear,
And checks each rising tear :—
Thou, ‘Sun of Righteousness!’ art mine!
The darksome tomb, dear Lord, was thine!”

“Henceforth thy children may
Bask in thy loving ray :
All things are theirs but doom,
For thou hast rent the tomb,
Pouring a flood of glory in,
To chase the night of ‘death and sin.’”

The spirit sang once more,
All joyous, as before—
“I come, my Gracious Lord!
To pillow ‘neath the sward—
Nay, rather, Thou dost bid me rise
To float upon the fleecy skies!”

“I come, yet bear in mind
The dear ones left behind—
Be Thou their Saviour, Friend
And bless them to the end—
I come—oh! bless them!—heavenly sight!”
The rest was sung in realms of light.

THE ARRIVAL.

(“He that overcometh shall inherit all things.”)
There came an escort bright
From heaven’s radiant height ;

To earth and back it sped,
Ere one short hour had fled :—
The throned Redeemer spake the word ;
The crowned disciple met his Lord.

The scenes above, below,
How blest ! how full of woe !
Extatic hymnings there—
Here, the torn heart's despair.
Yet stay, poor heart, each heaving sigh
But bears thee nearer to the sky.

There yet shall be for thee
Heaven's benison : for, see,
Thy lost one hovers near,
Sent from yon shining sphere ;
Bearing for thee celestial balm,
Thy wound to heal, thy grief to calm.

'Tis night, but earth alone
Sits on her ebon throne :
On high, perpetual day
Beams from each sapphire ray.
Heaven's children love the holy night,
For heavenly watchers then alight.

They come in visions blest ;
They sing of blissful rest :
Strangers to night above,
Sleepers there be they love :
For their dear sakes they pierce the gloom
And paint a heaven in grief's lone room.

Such blessed work is theirs,
The disembodied heirs
Of everlasting life,
Set free from mortal strife :
At least, so speaks the poet's thought,
And can it be with mischief fraught ?

What though beneath the sod
Lies the poor clay, to God
The godly spirit flies,
And no more sleeps than dies ;
"Spirits of just men perfect made,"
Are ye not "witnesses arrayed ?"

Arrayed, our steps to trace
Throughout our toiling race?—
Doubtless, with angels all,
"Before the Lamb" ye fall :
Yet may we hail ye, beauteous things !
Joying to see us try our wings.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN REFORMER

The evils of our social state
Have grown so manifold of late,
That kindly natures ask, in grief,
What can be done for their relief.

Long ages since, Ten Rules were stated
By which life's ills might be abated :
But practice soon gave way to preaching,
And puzzled learners took to teaching.

No wonder there was little known
Till fifteen hundred years had flown.

Then came a Teacher from the skies,
Who opened human ears and eyes,
Thus summing up those mandates ten—
“With all thy heart love God ; and then
Love, as thyself, thy fellow men.”

When England rises to her duty,
The world, with her, will rise in beauty :
Taught by “the Sermon on the Mount”
From pole to pole she will recount
How the Upholder of our life
Can make it triumph over strife,
And bless it for the fleeting span
Beneath the sky assigned to man.

’Tis not to over-population,
As some would urge, that tribulation
Must be referred, but to wrong doing
We owe the troubles we are rueing.
“Replenish earth, subdue it, too.—”
Such was man’s charter—this to do
Means not “subdue your fellow man.”
Like savage hordes, to test who can
“Fittest survive” the frantic rush
Every competitor to crush ;
Defiant of the golden rule
That children *once* were taught at school :—
“Do as you would be done by”—this
’Tis known hath led the way to bliss

For those who practised it, and will,
In ages yet to come, fulfil
The Christian law of love, and solve
Life's problems, giving high resolve
To benefactors of their race
Who would from earth its misery chase.

What then? Let each reformer see
That he himself reclaimed shall be
From every fault he finds in others
Who will not recognize as brothers
Their fellow pilgrims on the way
That leads to "pure and perfect day."

TO A FAIR ONE UNINFLUENCED BY SCEPTICISM.

To bud, to bloom, grow old, and rot—
Is this thy doom? Methinks 'tis not.
Dear child of Beauty! Thy pure soul
Shall, while the endless ages roll,
Hold converse with the beings bright
Inhabiting the realms of light,
Where the new heavens and new-born earth
Proclaim fair Eden's second birth.
The sacred Oracles of Truth,
Revered by thee from earliest youth.
Have taught *thee* Wisdom from on high,
While *others* doubt and droop, and die:
And, thus instructed, all is thine—
The passing life—the life divine.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

Not unmixed happiness, nor utter woe,
Attends the path of life through which we go ;
But God attempers both, in his great love,
And gives us foretastes of our home above,
Where, when our days of pilgrimage are past,
And all our sorrows are behind us cast,
We shall the larger compensation find
Of bliss than we could know had not the wind
And tempest of conflicting powers been felt
In regions where our banished spirits dwelt,
Whilst training for the restoration time
That brings us back to Eden's lovely clime.

PEARLS AND GOLD.

Dear eye of blue,
Fond heart most true !
Thy lover offers pearls and gold.
And yet, how can it be
That one, like him, so free
From wealth's encumbrance, should make bold
To talk of pearls and gold ?
The sparkling wave
And sombre cave
Yield for the rich their pearls and gold :
But there's a richer mine
Beneath Love's mystic shrine
Of treasure that can ne'er be told,
Thence draw I pearls and gold.

Peasants and Earls
Those costly pearls
And that fine gold alike may share,
If but a loving heart
Perform the miner's part
And to a loving spirit bear
The tribute of its care.
Whilst thus I bring
My offering
Dear gem-like eyes, and heart of gold !
Let but a few bright tears
Melt from those loving spheres,
Then near that heart this tablet hold,—
'Twill shine in pearls and gold.

TO A LADY.

(Written on her ivory pocket tablet)

Here write my name, and on thy heart, more pure
Than whitest ivory, bid it endure
Long as that heart's own beating—it will tell,
Far ages hence, of one who loved thee well.

MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN.

Once in beatific dream,
Sought I Eden's bowers
Lighted by a golden beam
From its crystal towers
That, on high,
In amber sky
Chased the gloom of night away.

Onward, upward as I sped,
Nearing Heaven's portals,
Angel-voices, overhead,
Sang of happy mortals
Who, with joy
Without alloy
Must awhile, on earth be blest.

There I saw a lovely bride
Cherubs were adorning ;
Then I heard the anthem-tide
Chant her marriage morning :
And, Oh ! joy
Without alloy !
Me she summoned to her side.

Then before a glowing shrine
Knelt we lovers lowly,
Whilst again, in notes divine,
Rose the anthem holy—
" Seraphs fair !
Protect the pair
Wedded in celestial realms !"
From that blessed dream of truth
Never may I waken ;
Love so pure, from early youth
Never can be shaken.—
Thou ! the prize
Of heavenly skies,
Never cans't thou know neglect.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE.

At morn I trimmed my hopeful sail
To stem Life's treacherous ocean :
At noon I fled before the gale,
Half wrecked in wild commotion,—
Just then a bright one came to save—
It was the Spirit of the wave !

So fair a form, in that dread scene
Of tempest-foam and thunder,
I little deemed could e'er be seen,
And greatly did I wonder ;
But wondered more when stood revealed
A flower from my young life's gay field !

The chilling snow, the burning ray,
And meddling Time's rough finger
Had done their work as if in play,
That youth with Love might linger ;
Rewarding with a joyous noon
The morn that set in clouds so soon.

And there, to stay the briny flood
That swept my grief-worn features,
In pristine loveliness she stood,
Fairest of God's fair creatures !
I sought, I found the treasured hand,
And with it gained the peaceful strand.
To trace the history of our past,
Unveil the mystic present,

And scenes of joy to come forecast,
Was facile task, and pleasant :—
Yea, 'twas the zenith of delight,
Where heaven and earth in one unite.
Again my barque may stem the tide—
Waves shall but waft me higher,
As on I speed, my pilot bride,
For heaven with thee, Maria !
Till golden sunset gild the grave
Lit by the Spirit of the wave.

THE ALTAR.

Theresa ! lend thy grateful heart
Awhile in sacred groves to dwell,
From scenes of busy life apart
The praises of our Lord to tell.
As Adam, with his gentle Eve,
Fair altars reared in Eden's bowers,
Their blended offerings to receive,
At matin and at vesper hours.
E'en so should we, fair consort, raise
To our Almighty King and Friend,
An altar whence our prayer and praise
In grateful incense may ascend.
For Love Divine that, on our way
Down to the grave of all our bliss,
Shed o'er our path a heavenly ray
To warn us from the black abyss.

By nature all are turned from God,
Lost wanderers from their blissful Isle,
Dreading to meet the Church-yard sod,
Yet seeking not the Father's smile.

That smile refines our erring wills,
Illumes anew our darkened powers,
Draws us with bands of love and fills
Again our lap with Eden's flowers.

And, oh ! for that best boon of earth,
Justice and Mercy blent in one,
Shall we not praise the Saviour's worth,
With rising and with setting sun ?

Bear witness, altar, as we plight
Before thee all our thanks and love,
That we will worship day and night,
And seek our home in heaven above.

PORTRAITS IN PINK.

(No. 1—The Soul).

Enshrined within my heart she dwells,
The owner of the thousand spells
I fain would sketch with pen and ink
Upon this little page of pink.
Now, if she hath an angel's face,
It is not *that* I mean to trace ;
And though her form be beauty's own,
I leave the jewel case alone
And mean to try my humble art

Portraying Spirit, Mind, and Heart,
Those inner brilliances that shine
Reflections from the Life divine.
The seraphs round the sapphire Throne
In her a sister gladly own ;
For she hath used the means of Grace
The stain of evil to efface,
Taking, in penitential tears,
To Christ her load of guilty fears.
The amulet of peace He gave,
The key of life beyond the grave.
Now, what a holy joy is mine !
With such a spirit to entwine
In that unsyllabled delight
Too great for thought, too much for sight
Till flaming worlds have fled away,
As torchlight from the face of day,
And heaven the soul transformed absorbs,
And lends, for eyes, its own bright orbs.

(No. 2.—The Mind).

My former portrait sought to trace
The Spirit robed in heavenly grace—
Trying to make my feeble pen
A glory point beyond the ken
Of clay-girt mortals. Turn I now
My observation towards that brow
Radiant with wisdom from on high
Though veiled behind a lowly eye.

Wisdom ! thou art a charm to me,
And naught of earth can rival thee
In my esteem. The powers of mind,
Without thy guiding hand, are blind :
Without thee, boasting *man* but sees,
With all his keeness, "*men as trees.*"
But *woman*, in her meekness, thou
Chiefly delightest to endow
With thy rich gifts, and to unrol
Thy mystic page to her pure soul.
And thus it comes to pass that *she*
By intuition sees, while *he*,
Poor man ! midst theories doth grope,
To grasp, full oft, a sand-wove rope.
Blest Wisdom ! she, whose talents rare
Proclaim her daughter of thy care,
Was led by thee in infancy
To gaze upon the star-lit sky
Till wonder, yielded to delight,
To comprehend each figure bright
On heaven's own azure shield, and see
Her empyreal pedigree.
Thou wouldest, too, old Ocean's breast
Should lull thy little one to rest,
Like one for whom the wild waves' foam
Sang only lullabies of home.
Then, while on earth, thou didst decree
Thy child a regal one should be
Trained to control the fiery steed,

Nerved to partake each noble deed
That noble souls may dare, then stoop
To tend the fragile flowers that droop,
As droops the unpartaken love
Alike of woman and of dove.
Sky, Ocean, Earth thou gavest her
For teachers, till they now prefer
To do her bidding, for they know
The eye that doth so brightly glow
Hath pierced within high Wisdom's shrine,
And learned its origin divine.

(No. 3.—The Heart).

May all the Virtues aid me now,
And all the Graces me endow
That from this rose-leaf forth may start
The portrait of a woman's heart.

Now, there's a heart in everything,
In cuckoo, cabbage, cow and king ;
But dove, and rose, gazelle and queen
Of hearts will take the lead, I ween.
And yet each one of these I pass,
To sketch the heart of that bright lass
Who is the queen of queens to me,
And shall my life-long study be.
Then think not that, in one short sitting,
I can produce a picture fitting
Of beauty such as flows around
A heart above all others crowned.

But, to begin, there is the eye

Set in the azure of the sky ;
That seeing, speaking, sentient feature,
Beaming with love for every creature,
Yet pouring its intensest ray
On him she wills to bless away.
And blest indeed, in high degree
Shall that most favoured mortal be :
For he shall dwell in fairy isle
Lit by the magic of her smile ;
And he shall hear such Music breathe,
And he shall see such roses wreath
In fragrance o'er each ravished sense,
As only bowers of Love dispense.

And then that heart hath lips and tongue
And ear and hand all finely strung,
And tempered to the notes sublime
In which all inspirations chime.

But further portraiture must cease
Till my abilities increase
And place me where I'd ever be,
Dear Heart, in Poesy and thee !

SOLILOQUY OF THE BETROTHED

Speed, lagging Time ! thy paces, for Love calls me—
Yet, stay, swift flyer ! for it half appals me
To face the Ocean-future. Canst thou tell
Whether the waters, now in placid swell,
Will bear me joyously on loving breast
To end my voyage in celestial rest ?—

Or am I but to quit my peaceful home
To see those waters rage in billowy foam,
And bury all a trusting bosom gave,
Of freighted hopes, beneath the ruthless wave?—
Or, on the calm and somewhat sluggish tide
Of unobtrusive river shall I ride
Adown thy stream, O Time, thy colder stream
That never glowed beneath Ambition's beam!
Ambition! Did a *woman* breathe that word?
Aye! and 'twas woman, too, the first who erred
From Eden's discipline, to seize the power
That lay in boundless knowledge. Since that hour
Full many a daughter of misguided Eve
Hath been beguiled the path of peace to leave,
In quest of things beyond; no marvel, then,
Ambition hath ensnared the souls of *men*
In every age. And *he* hath seen the snare,
He in whose future I rejoice to share.

Yet will I banish fear, and think that he
The tortive ways of fame will timely flee,
And choose the straiter path that leads to bliss
In life to come, and safest joy in this.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

(To——)

Dearest! what shall be our aim
When in one our hearts unite?
Shall we seek ambition's flame,
Moth-like, to expire in light?

Darling ! what shall be our hopes
When in unison they beat ?
Shall they, like the mole that gropes,
Dwellers be beneath our feet ?
Say, thou child of fascination !
What shall be our wedded joys ?
Shall their highest elevation
Be the point where pleasure cloy ?
Heart heroic ! what shall be
Our resource when trouble meets us ?
Shall we drop on coward-knee
Proving that his frown defeats us ?
Soul immortal, veiled in earth
And begirt by Mystery ! say
What, for us, the future's birth ?
Endless glory, or dismay ?
Dearest ! let it be our aim
When our hearts unite in one,
Far above earth's taper-flame
Eagle like, to seek the sun.
Darling ! let our hopes aspire
After euphony divine,
Seraph like, to wake the lyre
Nearest to the Saviour's shrine.
And, thou child of fascination
Let our pure delights abound
Till, in holy elevation,
All by highest heaven be crowned.

Heart heroic ! let us face
Trouble's frowning aspect well :
Gird our loins to win the race,
Victors o'er the powers of hell.
Soul immortal ! veiled in earth,
Let us tune our harps to sing
(When we gain our heavenly birth)
Anthems to our Lord and King.

BENEATH,—AROUND,—ABOVE.

(To——)

Beneath, around, above.
Be these my themes to-night :
Accept them, Queen of Love !
And make thy minstrel bright,
That he may shine like crystal sea,
Reflecting Poesy and thee !
Beneath, the stars that fell
While scoffing at their bliss ;
Beneath, the sinners' hell,
Once dared, now felt abyss ;
What read we in those regions dire,
So dark, yet lit by frenzy's fire ?
Beneath, the buried past,
Buried, yet never dead :
Beneath, the volumes vast
That history hath read.
What learn we from the world of life,
Pausing awhile from daylight strife ?

We read the end of pride ;
 We read the scoffer's doom ;
We learn our steps to guide
 In sunshine and in gloom,
That so the closing scene may find us
 With crowns before, and cares behind us.

Around, all joyous things,
 Joyous, yet fading ever ;
Around, the guardian wings
 Of angels, failing never ;
While things of grief, alas ! abound
 And evil spirits hover around.

What learn we from joy's hours ?
 What from our times of woe ?
What from the unseen powers
 Above, around, below ?
Is it not that our souls may soar
 To joys eterne when Time's no more ?

Above, "eye hath not seen—"
 Above, "ear hath not heard"
For heaven hath ever been
 Too much for thought or word :
But we may learn that One is there
 Who loves us with a brother's care.

Beneath, around, above,
 Lord over all He reigns
And his best name is "Love,"

Though rebels writhe in chains :
The Saviour met man's fearful fate,
Then left him free to love or hate.

PERPETUAL SPRING.

(To——)

Is there a soul that cannot soar
Above the Winter's gloom,
To gild its faded plumage o'er
With Spring's reviving bloom ?

Is there a soul that hears no song
Of angels in the night,
When sunny joys no more prolong
The noontide of delight ?—

A soul that knows not how to find,
Within the forest shade,
A sanctuary for the mind,
When cares of life invade ?—

A soul that hears the birds out-pour
Their hymns of love exulting,
Yet feels not that he hears no more
Th' oppressor's tones insulting ?—

A soul for whom the Ocean's breast
Affords no soothing pillow ;—
Its solace *there*, in halcyon rest,
Its pain *beneath the billow* ?

Is there a soul that values not
The prize of woman's heart?—
A stranger to the blissful lot
Affection's joys impart?
Oh! pity, pity such a soul,
It needs compassion's prayer
That it may find, when troubles roll,
A mate its grief to share.

NIGHT GREETINGS

This night, and next my gentle dove
May peaceful slumbers bless thee:
Dream nothing worse than this—that Love
The urchin, would caress thee
And thou did'st bid him go away,
Yet mind and come another day.
Another day? *This* is thy last
Beneath the roof paternal!
The next day? And the vow is past—
The bridal vow eternal!
Dear girl, "the urchin" will be there
To claim his prize, his bride so fair.

LOVE'S REMINISCENCES

I saw thee in thy early pride
When sceptred first for regal sway;
The girl and woman side by side,
Reserved, impassioned, stately, gay—

To prove how opposites combine
In natures glorious as thine.

There came a youth—a student he,
Plumed for an eagle-flight to Fame.
He sighed, then thought awhile on thee,
And thy liege subject half became :
But, being proud, he hid his chain,
And onward pass'd yet pass'd in pain.

I heard thee, royal girl, declare
Within the chamber of thy heart,
By all the noble counsellors there,
That youth should not *for aye* depart,
Then, on his brow, in mystic flame
Unquenchable, appeared thy name.

Among earth's children only thou
Could'st bid it unto view appear ;
But, when he courted *Fame*, his brow
Shone with a tell-tale glow so clear,
She sent the wandering student back,
Midst mortal loves his way to track.

A free fond maid, long time his friend,
Met him one day in moody state.
Now, friendship soon to love doth tend,
And Cupid quickly sealed their fate.
From thence he was avenged of Fame,
Who could so lightly yield her claim.

He knew not what adorned his brow.
Or what the name that *flickered* there :
His days were blest, till called to bow
To sorrow threatening despair ;
Until once more he learned to feel
Our woes are guardians of our weal.
Then was thy triumph, woman pure !
Thy high souled worth was well attested.
Only a queen could so endure,
Only a queen be so invested
In garb all brilliant as the sky
That bids the murky rain-cloud fly.
The proud youth found it easy task
To lay his manhood at thy feet—
Nor longer deemed it hard to ask
That lofty heart, that love discreet.
Thy name then *kindled* on his brow,
And on his heart he wears it now.

TO A LADY—

A MONTH AFTER MARRIAGE

Thy husband asks thee—Canst thou brave
The lashing fury of the wave ?—
Calmly behold the reeling mast
Laid low before the howling blast !
Canst thou, amidst the lightning's flash,
The thunder's roar, the breakers' crash,
Keep dauntless heart and steady hand,

Resolved to gain the wish'd-for strand ?

Indeed he needs not ask

Well knows he there's no task

God-aided, thou canst not achieve ;

Thou, who art all he could conceive

Of power and worth—yea, more

Than he could hope before,

Though, with a lover's eyes,

He viewed his beauteous prize,

And deemed her trim enough

In placid sea or rough,

To ride, a thing of beauty,

And rise sublime in duty.

Thou, all so lovely as a bride,

So coyly launched on gentle tide ;

Thou, with the silvery ripples playing,

Erstwhile, could'st meet the tempest's braying.

And thy fair hand could well sustain

Chief mateship midst the raging main !

So doth the wife surpass the bride

As Ocean doth the river's tide.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS

When our First-parents married, fruits and flowers

Were all their portion in their joyous bowers.

Adam for fruits expended healthful toil

And Eve fair nature's tapestry did coil

Around each graceful tree that, overhead,

In fragrance canopied their spotless bed.

And, since our sad reverses, food hath task'd
The stronger arm—the weaker fingers ask'd
And always should obtain, their sacred right
To tend the garnishing of frail delight,
Too fragile to be trusted to the hand
Long used to subjugate the hardened land.

'Tis thus we see that woman loves the flowers
Next to her kinsfolk, and the budding powers
That cannot bloom without her. Fruits alone.
How much-so-e'er they nourish flesh and bone
Feed not man's complex being ; and his soul
Fitted to range untired from pole to pole,
(And scan the starry outworks too) would die,
Deprived of nectared food that, from the sky
Distils in honied flowers. Oh ! woman, dear !
Let not our Maker's ornaments grow sear—
Thyself the chiefest ornament !—nor let
A ruder hand than thine the rubies set
That sparkle in our coroneted life,
When spirit rules and quells the work-day strife.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Joy to thee, dearest, affection sincerest
We pledge to each other to-day ;
And our Father above who hath taught us to love
Will be ready to bless when we pray.

To His courts we'll repair, and worship Him there,
And then in His works rejoice :

Steam-wing'd we will flee to the revelling sea
And list to its joyous voice.

Then valley and hill, and purling rill,
Sounding forest, and silent glen
Shall call us to praise "the Ancient of days,"
For His love to the sons of men.

And in bliss at thy side, my newly-won bride!
Thy lover and husband will be,
To meet, in thine eyes, the light of the skies,
As moonlight upon the sea.

And then once more we'll stray on the shore
While the stars their watch shall keep ;
Till the revelling sea shall forget its glee,
And sink to its midnight sleep.

Such a day of delight, such a heavenly night
Blest angels with us will share,
Nor deem it small bliss to be there to kiss
The brow of their sister fair.

Then the moon's bright beams shall gild our dreams.
With the radiance of nobler skies ;
And the glittering dome of our Father's home
In a vision of beauty rise.

The thought of that home, while on earth we roam,
Shall bear us above the sod ;
We'll tread it lightly, and quit it brightly,
When called by our Saviour God.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S INVOCATION TO
HIS BRIDE.

Theresa ! thou art wanted,
Thou darling of a thousand hearts !
Come, for to me is granted
The joy possessing thee imparts.

Theresa ! there'll be weeping—
Many must lose that I may gain :
Dear girl in angels' keeping
Leave them, till they forget their pain.

The tear a moment straying,
Like dew-drop falling on the night,
Shall be a glad smile playing,
Ere long, on Morning's face of light.

Thou art a sunbeam, dearest !
And, though thou veerest farther west,
Thy birthplace still thou cheerest—
Each point is with thy radiance blest.

Theresa ! thou art wanted,
Darling of all, thy lover's pride !
Come, for to him is granted
Exclusive bliss to call thee bride !

SONG OF THE LOVERS.

We boast not of to-morrow,
And yet, in grateful lays ;
We sing away all sorrow
And hail the coming days—

Days the brightest man may know
In his life of toil below.

See, now, while we have tarried,
How rich a bridal dress
Adorns the earth just married,
To heaven's own loveliness !
Speed we, then, my sunny bride,
In this balmy summer-tide !

We boast not of to-morrow,
Yet may we hope to find,
For many a day, dull sorrow
Full many a league behind,
Happiest of rovers, we,
Over Love's enchanting sea !

But, should the unknown morrow
Scowl darkly in the sky,
We'll reef our sails, and borrow,
From One who rules on high,
Every help wherewith to brave
Blackest night, and fiercest wave.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

One sultry night in June,
When heat oppress'd all living things,
I gazed upon the moon,
And shivered as I gazed.
For I felt my eyes were glazed ;

Blanched icicles my hair became
Whilst o'er my stiffening frame
A freezing vapour rolled
That made me shudder at the cold,
For I knew it was the chilling breath
That whistles through the jaws of Death,
Congealing all Life's flowing springs.

My coverlid around
Was dank and clammy ground.
And I but frozen clay.—
“Oh! for one warming ray
Of the sun that glowed to-day,
To free my marble veins
From these benumbing chains!”—
I cried—“Have I seen that sun
Its farewell journey run?
Shall I feel no more
Its bright beams pour
Their kindling warmth through this living grave,
Where my blood lies cold as the Arctic wave?”

It may be sad to die
But sadder 'tis to lie,
With choking breath,
In seeming death;
In stagnant life,
With palsied strife,
That would, yet cannot, break away,
But stareth still on blank dismay.

While thus I gazed
With eyes all glazed,
The spectral moon began to fade.
Warm summer airs around me played.
Each horror fled,
And left the dead
Untoomed
Undoomed :—
A shining star alone remained,
Whose melting beams at once unchained
My ice-bound heart, and rolled again
The tide of life through every vein.

My tongue its utterance found
And woke me with its sound—
“Oh ! that yon star were mine,
Ever on me to shine,
In love and beauty glowing,
All heavenly peace bestowing !—”
The vision fled,
But overhead,
Still beams thy ray
Theresa May.

WHITSUNDAY THOUGHTS.

Awakened by the second lesson for the day. ROMANS VIII.

No condemnation is there now for those in grace
With Jesus, Saviour of the human race,
Who walk not through the mire of fleshly lust,

But soar, in spirit, far above the dust
Of earth's foul byeways. For the law of life
In Christ hath freed them from the deadly strife
With sin, in which the Law, through weakness, failed,
Till God's own Son, in and for man, prevailed :
That now in those may righteousness abound
Who, curbing flesh, the Spirit's wings have found.

And yet 'tis sad to see how death destroys
The carnal-minded souls who forfeit joys
Of life and peace, for earth's ensnaring toys.
Let such think deeply what it is to be
At enmity with God, and they must see
What awful folly prompts the fatal choice
That, yielding to the Tempter, spurns the voice
Paternal of the Father's pleading love
In tones the suffering Son brought from above.
For them the condemnation still remains,
And will, until are shaken off the chains
That bind them to their soul-destroying course
That can but lead to bitterest remorse,

Led by the spirit we are sons of God,
And may be happy even though the rod
Of passing trial fall, which falls no less
On worldlings who suppose this earth can bless
With satisfaction their still thirsting souls
Though all its nectar through their being rolls.

Yes, happiness is offered in the place
Of misery, and resurrection grace

Instead of condemnation. Life eternal
May still be his who flies from foes infernal
And seeks adoption with his "Abba"—"Father"—
Son of the All-loving—Son?" Yea, rather
Heir of his King; joint-heir with His anointed,
If willing to accept the terms appointed.

And are those terms so grievous, when we know
That all things work together—weal or woe,
To bless the clinging soul that finds the "Rock
Of Ages," and escapes the final shock
Of earth in ruins, and the condemnation falling
On Satan's dupes who *would* mistake their calling.

So, then, Creation's groans, and pangs of woe
And all permitted sorrows here below,
Are fully balanced by the Love Divine
That bids them work for good beyond the line
Of Time's horizon, where the endless life
Absorbs the pain of momentary strife,
Or leaves it but remembered as a zest
Enhancing all the joys of endless rest.

Thus they who cavil at Elective Grace
Are taught by Holy Scripture that the case
Is closed against all pleading that the lost
Were a predestined crew—to them were toss'd
The life-belts that they *would* not use aright,
So sank with Safety's Haven full in sight.

TRUTH WILL OUTLIVE INTOLERANCE

- (A) Cathedral or Conventicle,
I care not which it be :
Whichever sanctifieth best,
To choose it I am free.
- (B) What ! darest thou to contravene
The hierarchal School ?
- (A) Yes ! I prefer to rest my faith
On Pentecostal rule ;

That rule by which the Christian Church,
Established for all time,
Embraced in her far-reaching arms
Dwellers from every clime.
Peter was there, yet knew the "Rock,"
Suggested by his name,
Was not *himself*, himself but sand,
Yielding when pressure came.

As "earthen vessel," well he preached,
When by the Spirit aided ;
And by that "Power" the church, *to live*,
Must ever be pervaded.
But let no earthen vessel dare
On earth to claim precedence :
No "Vicar" but the Holy Ghost
Remains for Christian credence.

- (B) Surely, a Church that is not *seen*
Defies all Comprehension :

Then let me see *your* Church and Creed
Ere I can yield attention.

(A) And yet we find there soon arose
In your *seen* Church confusion,
Because the tares amidst the wheat
Were there to make intrusion.

Secessions followed, deemed by some
To be a needful quitting
Of dogma overlaying truth,
And teaching things unfitting.
The first seceders from the truth
Which "by its fruit is known,"
Were surely those who turned aside
To idols of their own.

The sin of schism is not *theirs*
Who worship God sincerely,
Presuming not to "burn the tares"
Or judge them too severely.
Cathedral or Conventicle,
It matters not to me :
Until the tares shall leave the wheat
Divisions we shall see.

"WITHIN THE VEIL"

(Heb. vi. 19.)

They are waiting for me in the Spirit-land :
Those who have quitted our mundane band :
Those who have loved me in days long past ;

Those among whom my lot was cast.
Many there are whom I scarcely knew,
Who yet, by a spell of attraction true,
Had been drawn to my soul in sympathy sweet,
Each of us wishing again to meet,
Yet doomed in our sojourn beneath the sky
Not again to encounter with mortal eye.
Though some may have faded from memory's ken,
A gladsome remembrance will waken then,
And we shall rejoice that we met before,
And this will give Heaven one pleasure more.

But what of the spirits whose passing away
So rent our hearts, and eclipsed our day,
That never on earth the sun's full glow
Might dry the tears that at times will flow
At the thought how ruthless things could sever
Hearts that had hoped to unite for ever?—
What of *such* spirits?—Extatic thought!
They shall again be together brought,
Enjoying communion for evermore,
Too rapturous to have been borne before!

And some there are whom I leave behind,
Younger survivors true and kind;
And these, it may be, will my absence weep
Until they too, with our fathers sleep;
Resting in hope to mingle again,
In the realms that know no parting pain.

DEATH'S BENEDICTION

To join our loved ones gone before—
To tread this vale of tears no more—
This joy wilt thou impart, O Death!
When we to thee resign our breath.

To see our Saviour face to face—
To meet the best of Adam's race—
This grace ineffable we win
When Death destroys the life of Sin.

To traverse on celestial wings,
The realms of all eternal things—
This power thy shaft O Death! conveys,
When flesh and blood in dust it lays.

To gaze upon the Source of Light
With eyes undazzled by the sight,
Thy wakened ones, O Death! will soar,
When gathered on the heavenly shore.

To hear the anthems of the skies,
While incense-clouds of music rise—
Music undreamt of here below—
The soul to thee, O Death! will owe.

Ethereal beings, in array
Too bright for fancy to portray
Await the spirits newly freed,
That bow to thee, O Death decreed!

Such beings pure will freely share
With souls redeemed ambrosial air;

Conducting them from flower to flower,
From fruit to fruit in Eden's bower.

Is this a boast? Thou knowest, O Death!
Thou hast a Conqueror whose breath
Can bid thy bony trophies rise,
Re-clothed in robes that He supplies.

'Tis, then, no boasting, mighty Power!
If humble souls view thee as dower
That, through the Second Adam's grace,
Fits them for God's own dwelling place.

PERMITTED EVIL

Poor nest! was it a fiend flew past
In evil hour for thee,
And with his spiny pinion cast
Down from the cradling tree
Thy mossy bosom, here to lie
Exposed to every passer by?

Nay, 'twas some fledgling child of man
That worked this woe for thee,
Whilst for the sport much risk he ran,
High up that brittle tree.
Oh! ruthlessness! that could achieve
A deed at which *some* fiends might grieve.

Poor birds! are all your downy toils
And all your wondrous skill,

Inlaid with love, she rightful spoils
Of those who live to kill,
And love to break the fondest hearts
Through which the warmest life-stream darts?
And woman too, man's loving mate,
How fares it oft with thee?
Are there no fiends to make thy fate
As sad as fate can be?—
Aye! man himself can play the part
Of fiend, to break thy tender heart.
And why this evil? God of love,
Why these out-crying wrongs,
Seen by Thee on Thy throne above,
Heard amid angels' songs?
Thus asks the infidel, but asks
In tone that all his guile unmask.
He will not trust Thee, God of love!
To make Thy counsels clear,
When, in Thy better world above,
The worth of every tear
Poured forth from sorrow's bleeding fount
Would need Omniscience to count.
He sees Thy Son's own bleeding heart—
And deems it but a cause
To hurl defiance at the dart
That strikes for broken laws.
To him Thy *justice* seems a curse—
Vicarious suffering, something worse.

Strange madness of the fallen will !
That clamours for all good,
Yet sees not that permitted ill
Successfully withstood
Must be the highest good of all,
For beings free to stand or fall.
O Thou, in every good Supreme !
Teach us how much we owe
For power to walk by Thy bright beam,
And *choose* our weal or woe !
Machines that *cannot* do amiss
Escape the ill, but know no bliss.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

"Unspotted from the world, Thou God of grace !
O keep the soul I love ;
Blest may he be through all his earthly race—
Blest in Thy courts above !"

Thus prayed a maiden spotless as may be
A dweller 'neath the skies :
Thus too, might guardian angel plead to see
His charge to glory rise.

And thou, dear maid ! half angel as thou art,
Who taught thee heavenly pleading ?
And *who* shall plead for thee, should thy fond heart
Beneath crushed hopes lie bleeding ?

Thy Saviour, whom thou trustest, will be thine,
And bear thee on His prayers ;

And he will send thee solacings divine,
'Midst all thy anxious cares.

And though thy *friend* may offer but *esteem*,
When *more* thou would'st accept,
Thy Lord can shew him, in some holy dream,
That thou for him hast wept.

One prayer, one tear of thine, to him revealed,
Will make him all thine own :
He too will weep to think how long concealed
Such friendship dwelt alone.

Then will those dewy tears bring forth the flowers
Mere *friendship* cannot raise ;
And *love*, most heav'nly, shall requite the hours
Of grief with blissful days.

For doubt not there shall rest on thy dear head
A lover's benediction,
When he shall dream of seraph-wings outspread
To raise him from affliction.

And wake to feel thy gently-throbbing heart
Wafting his soul on high ;
Thyself content to act the angel's part,
And bear him to the sky.

"Unspotted from the world"—sweet guardian love,
Thou hast not prayed in vain :
Blessed on earth, and in the heavens above,
Together ye shall reign.

MEMORIAL VERSES

On Robert Montgomery, Poet and Divine.

Sing we of the Minstrel holy
Deathless in his world of bliss ;
Though his ashes slumber lowly
'Neath the shore the blue waves kiss.*

Think we of the Pastor cherished
In our souls' awaking days ;
When for us the false world perished,
Scathed by Heaven's resistless rays.

When from earth our seer departed,
Called to dwell beyond the sky,
Many were the broken hearted ;
Few who could restrain the sigh.

Round the Cross what halo glorious
Did that master-hand array,
Till we hailed The Lord Victorious
Where the whilom Victim lay !

Brief his mission, yet a season
By his flock to be esteemed ;
We were taught how faith with reason
Might combine in souls redeemed.

Then, with feelings strangely glowing,
Heard we songs of Seraphs bright ;

* Brighton, where the Rev. Robert Montgomery was interred, A.D.
1855.

Eloquence divinely flowing,
Bearing us from height to height,—
Till, at length, *himself* ascended,
In extatic vision blest,
With his own, Heaven's music blended
While he entered into rest.

Now, it may be, 'mid the blessed
Walks he in his robe of white ;
His to comfort the distressed,
Pointing still to realms of light.

Follow we that Pastor's teaching,
Evangelical its tone ;
True to the Reformers' preaching,
Sensuous rites he left alone.

One True Priest he set before us,
One confessional alone ;
One Absolver, speaking o'er us
Pardon from His Father's throne.

May our pulpits, still resounding
With Redemption's hallowed theme,
Fashion's feeble ranks confounding,
Build again One Church Supreme !

VISION APOCALYPTIC.

I dreamt the stars were falling,
Like snow-flakes to the ground ;
I heard an Angel calling
To earth's remotest bound,

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
"Arise! for Time shall be no more!"

Earth's solid poles fell shattered
Before a trumpet blast,
While, from Time's ruins, scattered,
Uprose a City vast
Whose golden glories shed a light
That quenched all earthly suns in night:

Stood wide the pearly portals,
To greet the sons of bliss,
While sad unsaved immortals
Rolled down the dread abyss ;
Where Ocean's countless fathoms, erst,
Had revelled o'er the gulf accurst.

All evil now was banished,
None but the blest remained ;
The powers of darkness vanished ;
The Prince of Glory reigned :
In royal state the Bridegroom came
And called His Bride, the Church, by name.

Methought Faith's priceless treasure
Had been bestowed on me,
And now, in fullest measure,
The Saviour's face to see,
Caused my enraptured tongue to raise
To Him its loudest note of praise.

Oh ! joy ! not with the perished,
But near me stood a pair,
(My parents, ever cherished)
With me to enter there :
We all were called by Grace Divine,
Amidst the white-robed choir to shine !

While ecstasy stole o'er me,
One gentle form drew nigh—
(“Not lost, but gone before” me)
To welcome me on high :—
Not yet !—The vision fled away—
God grant it me some future day !

“SORROW NOT, EVEN AS OTHERS
WHICH HAVE NO HOPE.”

(I. Thess : iv. 13.)

Why mourn the friends no longer here,
Transplanted to a brighter sphere ?
Why think the light they gave on earth
Extinguished by their second birth ?
Why not believe them brighter far
Than solar beam or polar star ?
Why, for a moment, deem the voice,
Whose tones made mortal hearts rejoice,
For ever silenced, ever mute,
Untuned to Heaven's golden lute ?
The eyes that beamed with earthly love,
Are they less radiant above ?

The hands that bless'd the home below,
Cease they to bless when thence they go?—

Consult the Seer of Patmos' isle *

Who pierced the veil of Time awhile.

He saw the spirits of the just,

No longer denizens of dust ;

He heard their new seraphic lays

From lips aglow with sapphire blaze.

The "great white throne," with heavenly wings,

They circuit round, and there the strings

Of angel-harps their hands attune

In praise of Heaven's King Triune :

And though so high their new estate

Are we not told 'tis theirs to wait

'Till all they love be welcomed in,

No more to grieve, no more to sin ?

Then be it ours to weep no more

For dwellers on that happy shore,

But rather learn, like them to rise

Beyond the mist of tearful skies.

ALBUM VERSES.

Fair friend, you ask a song from one

Who has not sung for many a day.—

No matter—now shall be begun

A prelude for the month of May ;

And, should it falter in the middle,

Forgive both fiddler and his fiddle.

* Revelation 1-9.

Time was when, on the Village green,
When buds and birds peeped forth to sing,
No blither birdling could be seen
To bask beneath the smiles of Spring—
A Memnon 'neath the sun of Beauty,
Spell-bound he sang for love and duty.

But Village choirs and Matin songs,
Harmonious at the break of day,
Are silenced when the toiling throngs
Of mid-day mortals pass that way :
And now, amid the din of Cities,
Can any bard perform his ditties ?

Much must depend on those who ask,
And therefore less on those who hear.
A pretty maiden sets my task ;
Why then a moment doubt or fear ?
Besides, has she not wisely chosen
To wait till I'm no longer frozen ?

Oh ! What a Winter ! but 'tis past—
A heavenly Spring advances now :
And very mummies, swaddled fast,
Must e'en revive and make their bow :
And so the bard no longer lingers,
But sweeps his lute with warmer fingers.

Weak boast !—a butterfly in power,
Man flutters through his morning hour :
Meridian fevers lay him low :
Trampled and torn he droops in woe :—

The sky was azure when he woke,
'Twas sable when his heart-strings broke.

THE LAUNCH.

(A Parable for a Lady on her coming of age.)

Thou art complete, fair ship! now go,
While benisons attend thee;
From whelming wave, and flattering foe,
God's saving arm defend thee!

Go forth in all thy new-found powers,
O'er gentle wavelets sailing;
Be wary, in the sun-lit hours,
Brave, when the storm's prevailing.

Full many an eye thy launch, this day,
Doth witness with emotion;
And some fond hearts for thee will pray
An all-propitious ocean.

With care and skill they fitted thee,
No cost, no labour, sparing;
Well pleased, if their reward might be
Thine ever gallant bearing.

The world is all before thee now,
And fair the breeze that bloweth;
But, whether wreck, or safety, thou
Shalt find, no mortal knoweth.

Yet there's a Pilot from on high,
Almighty to befriend thee—

A Pole Star, in the darkest sky
It's cheering ray to lend thee.

And these, for succour, may be thine,
While on Life's fitful ocean,
If to thy Master's will divine,
Thou yieldest with devotion.

Beware lest mutiny arise,
From fierce and lawless passion—
Beware the rock that sunken lies,
For heedless keel to dash on !

Trust not the course that seemeth fair,
Yet lureth to perdition,
But day and night, with watchful care,
Keep helm in true position.

Then shall thy Maker waft thee o'er
The watery waste securely ;
And thou shalt reach the golden shore,
And make thy haven surely.

But here similitude must cease,
For thou art never-ending ;
The ship must crumble piece by piece,
Beneath Time's fiat bending.

But thou must live, in weal, or woe,
(Whichever thou hast cherished)
When Ocean's tide hath ceased to flow,
When all of Earth hath perished.

A WOMAN'S TEARS.

I saw my darling wife in tears
All through the fears
That Love, the urchin started.
Some tiny arrows he had found
Such as abound
In sweetest roses, and had darted
One wickedly at her dear breast,
Then pleaded that he did but jest—
No mortal stab meant he :—
And then I cried, Ah ! me !
That gave the boy such liberty
O'er merry meads to roam,
So far away from home ;
And then so far forget himself—
The little tiresome truant elf !
I boxed his ears,
And then the tears
He sadly shed declared
He was not adamant, but shared
A woman's sense of pain,
And ne'er would sin again.

He was not false, I knew,
Though impudent, 'tis true ;
So I merely said
" I'll shoot you, dead,
If e'er again her fond heart bleeds
At your abominable deeds."

Thus I sent him away,
But this I must say,
The rogue had proved, without design,
That dear one more than ever mine :—
A prize how more than ever dear,
Judge ye for whom a woman's tear
Fresh from affection's fount hath rolled,
Not to be bought by worlds of gold.

TO A LADY.

(Presenting a writing-desk, on her 21st Birthday.)

All joy we wish thee, maiden fair !
Now that thy womanhood's begun :
Good-bye to every infant care
On this great day of "Twenty-one !"
Thy *will* henceforth thy only *law*—
May willing subjects round thee throng,
And never find in thee a flaw
Nor dream that thou could'st do them wrong.
And when their suits they sign and seal,
And send them by the "penny post,"
Have pity upon all they feel ;
Make not their pains thy cruel boast.
But, on this desk, just write their doom
And send it "by return of post"—
Regret to plunge them into gloom,
And beg they'll not "give up the ghost."

No worthy suitor will despair
Of worthy *pleas* wherewith to *please* thee ;
No worthless one will ever dare
With tedious flippancies to tease thee.
But, when the "Mr. Wright" appears
On both his bended knees before thee,
Hold out the sceptre, calm his fears,
And intimate he may adore thee.

TO A LADY.

(On her birthday, at a venerable age.)

"Many happy returns of the day!"
We wish thee, and may, in all truth,
For there *is* that can never decay,
And the *soul* hath perennial youth.
And thou, who hast seen many days,
And known both the joyous and sad,
We crown thee with merited bays,
And would, with our love, make thee glad.
For how thou hast gladdened the hearts
Of multitudes calling thee blest,
Shall be known when the future imparts
Its record of such as are best.—
Best in the budding of life,
Best in its flourishing bloom ;
Best in the sphere of the wife ;
Best in the valley of gloom :

Best to each kinsman and friend ;
Best worker for all that is right :
Best pleader, alert to defend
The victim of pitiless might.

"Grace, mercy, and peace" thou hast shed
Wherever thy pathway hath been ;
And the sun's setting rays on thy head
Shall reflect them in brightest of sheen.

So crowned, so endeared, and so blest,
Notwithstanding the shadows of earth,
For thee "there remaineth a rest"
Transcending the day of thy birth.

TO THERESA.

(On her way to Mount Parnassus.)

Theresa ! you excellent maid !
I am puzzled to know what to say—
Every one of the Muses I've prayed
To shew me some pity to-day.

But they won't, and, what's more, they declare
(Which makes me suspect they are jealous)
If *I'm* always for playing an air,
They're not always for blowing the bellows.

And, what's more, they do *further* declare
(Which makes me quite sure they *are* jealous)
I may fly to the feet of my fair
One, if I am so mightily zealous

To rival their Orpheus in song—
To silence Apollo's own lyre,—
And sparkle in gems that belong
But to Gods and their godlings up higher.

Now their tantrums are nothing to me,
And they'll find me a terrible teaser :
I can manage without them, they'll see,
By courting the goddess Theresa.

And then, if I can but succeed
To the berth of god-consort beside her,
Each Museling shall hasten to plead
An apology, else, woe betide her !

Yet methinks it can hardly be just
The fair rebels to threaten with woe ;
Admitting, as honest folk must,
They have met with a terrible blow,

Since Theresa, Parnassian maid,
Now sits on the Hill of "the Nine,"
And my homage no more will be paid
At Castalides' desolate shrine.

TROUT-FISHING.

Ladies seldom fish—
Credit what I utter,
Though Jack's a noble dish
Absorbed in melted butter :
But now and then it falleth out
A lady will go seek a trout.

Credit what I say,
While I sing a ditty
How a maiden gay
Left at home her pity,
And sallied forth with murderous hook
To drag a soul from out the brook.

Not a *soul* she found,
Soles prefer the Ocean—
Still she wasn't bound
To make a grand commotion ;
Nor did she, for a body bright
As rosy morn appeared in sight.

"What on earth is that—
Or, rather, what in water?
Sure it aint a sprat!"
Quoth fair Erin's daughter.
"It seems a well-conditioned gold fish!"
It proved a most decided bold fish.

Trouty saw the sprite
On the sunny bank ;
Pleased, he took a bite,
Bent upon a prank :
He fixed his teeth above the hook,
And swam express a mile of brook.

Erin, too, was pleased,
For she wasn't lazy ;
Soon, however, teased,
She exclaimed "Be aisy!—

It aint a gentleman that pulls
A lady through a field of bulls!"

Pride and fear ran high—
Still it wasn't frightful,
For no one will deny
An Irish bull's delightful :
But the speed at which she flew
Into something serious grew.

Soon a sudden bend
In the streamlet met her ;
Soon did she descend
Deep as the bottom let her.
The trout commenced another mile,
And on they went in mermaid style :

The difference was this,
The fish-part went ahead,
The tail was little Miss
Theresa, be it said :
But all is well that *endeth* well—
At least, so thought this diving belle.

So indeed it proved,
For the line gave way :
The trout was greatly moved—
He couldn't land his prey—
So off he started for his net
And left the maiden in the wet.

How this heroic maid
Escaped a watery pillow,
Into the arms conveyed
Of a much-loving willow,
And how the willow proved a swain
Who vowed she should not fish again,
Might prove a tale too long,
And quite against my wishing,
In this little song
Founded upon fishing :
Suffice to say, the hook well baited,
Landed a *pair of souls* well mated.

THE FAIRY ROBBERS.

One night in May I sought my bed,
And, though I locked my door, no dread
Of thieves just then alarmed me :
But, in the dead of night
A band appeared in sight,
Led by a queenly sprite
Clad in a tunic white,
And diademed with light ;
I thought it was a vision bright,
And deemed their presence only charmed me—
I could not think they came to steal—
I woke to find my loss was real.
There was nothing left,
I was quite bereft ;

I hadn't an atom to call my own,
There wasn't an item they didn't bone.*

The queen dived into my chest,
And pounced on the very best
Of all the articles there,
Although but a sorry affair.

"Oh! Lady Titania!" cried each elf
"You're sure to take the best yourself!"

She silenced their clamour
With her golden hammer,
And told them the heart
Was the only part
Worth the fatigues
Of journeying leagues,
With house-breaking tools,
And a band of young fools
Who knew no better
Than to beset her,
Their queen, with impudent speeches.
Then into my breeches
Some dear little witches
Instinctively fell :
Others, pell-mell,
Down my boots tumbled,
And there they fumbled
And grumbled
And jumbled,

* A playful and beautiful expression, signifying *steal*.

Fight them I couldn't,
Kill them I wouldn't,
Though I knew
I should rue
The loss of my self
And that of my pelf
Ere the day-dawn
(Darkness withdrawn)
Much less Police
Would bring release.
In and out,
Round about,
Pitter patter
Went their clatter,
Till nothing more was found
In all the room around.
Then—oh ! dreadful !
Came a bedful,
At the royal call
Of the fairy tall
Who ruled those pranksome creatures all.
From the regal lips, in tones profound,
I heard (and I thought it a musical sound)
That the heart from my chest
Might be decently dressed
In a flowery vest
And conveyed to her royal bower.
Each sprite,
For flight

That very night
Surrounded me,
Confounded me—
Thought of dissecting me ;—
The queen then protecting me
By a gracious word of power,
Bade them *complete* to take me
And not to shake me
Much less to break me ;
And she would be there in an hour.
My reason fled,
Oh ! never, 'tis said
To be seen any more
Till the queen I adore
Shall hold out her hand
For a little gold band
Intended to linger
Upon her third finger,
And bind her my wife
For the joy of my life.
Now, strange to say,
One blissful day,
My wits were restored by the hand—
The very same hand
That led the band
Of the midnight elves in May.
And I think it is well
That my lost heart fell
To the share of so queenly a Fay.

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING AN
AMBITIOUS CHOIR.

O Discord dire!
Art *thou* a Choir?
Then say, who taught thee singing?
For, sure, thou hast,
Like bells miscast,
Set all my nerves a ringing!

TO THERESA.

(Anent the Wedding.)

Haste, my bride! the time approaches—
There's a time for everything—
Ask Papa about the coaches,
I will see about the ring.
Fix a day—but not a Friday—
Why not, really I don't know—
Only let it be a dry day,
Bright above and clean below.
For it *would* be most unlucky,
Should it snow, or rain, or hail:
Plush and slush, white duck and muck I
Reckon dreadful for the male
Species, but for gentle creatures,
Such as brides and bridesmaids are,
Who shall say what lovely features
Humid atmosphere might mar!

Bloom decaying, ringlets straying,
Toilet *fixings* all in vain ;
Starch betraying moisture playing
Tricks where stiffenings should reign !

But we'll hope for pleasant weather,
So I let this question rest,
Picturing ourselves together,
Listening to each wedding guest.

We shall hear such honied wishes
As should keep us sweet for years :
E'en the very plates and dishes
Will salute our wedded ears.

All those words and works to serve us
With th' elixir of delight !
'Tis enough to make one nervous—
Kindness kills, and so doth fright.

Please you, gentlemen whose speeches
Like a mountain torrent flow,
Spare the creature who beseeches
(For ye look for *thanks*, ye know)

Mercy from a long exposure
To the tidal influence
So destructive of composure
Unto nerves not over tense.

Think what 'tis to be unskilful
In the power ye wield so well :

Surely then ye'll not be wilful
Unto one who scarce can spell :
Think, too, of our tribulation
If ye only let us gain
(Breathless, too) the Railway Station
Just in time to lose the train !

TO A WEDDING CAKE.

Hail! Cake of *snow*, and *rain* a shower
Of sugared fruits around the bower
Where two young lovers (friends of mine)
Have joined in one, henceforth to twine
Their names, their frames, and fortunes too
And save thereby the cost of two !

Now let them not be disconcerted,
Nor think me signally perverted,
To start with hail and snow and rain
When one should sing a nuptial strain.
Though darker shades than purest white
Will with one's destiny unite,
A sunny side there may be found
Where'er a passing cloud hath frowned.
So, may the good be always handy,
To sweeten life like sugar candy
For my young friends who, I've a notion,
Will love each other with devotion
Such as will never let them quail,
Though this begins and ends with *Hail!*

A PARODY IN THE NIGHT.

(By a wakeful traveller).

How doth the little busy flea improve the moonshine
hours,
To get a supper out of me with all its opening powers.

No. 1.

NURSERY RHYME.

("Sin ends in woe.")

There was a merry mouse,
Lived in a little house ;
Slept in the top room and dined down below.
One day, when he was out
Puss came and prowled about,
Found out a hiding-place secret and sly :—
Home came the merry mouse,
Stolen cheese in his mouth,
Puss, liking mouse and cheese, at him did fly :—
Loud squeaked the little thief,
None came to his relief.
The last words he uttered were "Sin ends in woe !"

No. 2.

NURSERY RHYME.

(The Queen's Arms explained.)

The Lion and the Unicorn, fighting for the Crown,
The Lion took the Unicorn, and turned him upside
down :

The Unicorn began to pout,
And turned the Lion inside out :
The Queen came in to set them right,
And to the Crown she chained 'em tight.
The Lion and the Unicorn
(The Lower and the Upper House)
No more in strife engage,
But do their best to keep the Crown secure through
every age.

A SCINTILLA OF SCIENCE.

With a stone
And a bone
It may quickly be shown
How worlds were evolved out of atoms and germs :
But who made the atoms, and whence came the germs,
Is puzzling alike to men, monkeys and worms.

THE CRAZE OF PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

For the good of the Nation
First comes Registration,
And then Legislation,
With lengthy oration ;
And then Education,
And then Recreation,
And then Sanitation,
And then some Taxation ;
Then Alms and Oblation,
If not Confiscation ;

And then Vaccination
That brings tribulation
Because Admiration
O'er rides Trepidation,
Creating Vexation,
And much Litigation,
Whereas *Emigration*
Would lead to cessation
Of squalid Starvation
By rousing Stagnation
To brisk operation :
Therefore let our aspirations
Be to banish regulations
Only wasteful of the rations
Needed by the populations.
Yea, get rid of all mutations
That would give the hungry nations
Stones for bread, till indignation
Bring the State to degradation,
And the Realm to desolation.

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES.

No. I. Ecclesiastical.

It fell on a day that a reverend Priest
Resolved from subjection to get released.
So he kicked at the law of the land of his birth,
In the silly belief that the mean things of earth
Were beneath the contempt of his clerical soul,
Ever free from the payment of secular toll :

Thus thinking, the Cleric stepped over the border,
Did just as he pleased, and the rules of his order,
No less than the laws of the realm set at naught,
And could neither by Bishop nor Proctor be taught
To see that such wanderings scarcely could fail
To lead him, ere long, to a cell in a gaol.

And this really happened, for, sad to relate,
Ignoring the Bishop, despising the State,
He took no precaution to plead his own cause,
Till the pressure was on him of secular laws :
Then, odd as it seems, he no longer objected
To Law-Courts, but hoped that his body, protected
By "*Habeas Corpus*," would gain a release,
Rejecting throughout, the conditions of peace.—
Those conditions no harder than just to conform
To the Articles, Canons, and Customs which form
The rules he subscribed to when seeking to be
Ordained in a Church from Idolatry free.
Such conditions, however, commend themselves not
To those who have cast with such thinkers their lot,
To put the Church Clock three centuries back,
And revive the traditions we thankfully lack.
These people *believe* that the best place is Rome,
Yet *act* as if certain "there's no place like home."
And indeed 'tis a doubt if there *are* many places
Where room can be found for Janus-like faces
Which look on *past* error with pious regret
And turn to the *future* for grace to upset
The work of Reformers who gladdened the world

When the flag of the freedom of faith was unfurled.

Yet the lot of a representative man is but sad
When he cannot recede, were he ever so glad
To do so, but finds himself pushed from behind
Till others control him in body and mind.

And now, what's the remedy ? Counselling peace
And promoting it, too, by causing to cease
Contentions for priestly assumptions condemned
When England the power of the Papacy stemmed.

Are there not multitudes gathered in might
"With axes and hammers," all ready to smite ?
"Down with it !" Louder and louder they cry.
And there's but *One* Church that the shout can defy—
That build on the grand Evangelical Creed,
"Man cannot be saved by his own righteous deed,"
But only through faith that "works by love,"
And lifts the affections to "things above."

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES.

No. 2. Political.

I'm not a learned politician
But I'm a strong Conservative,
Because it needs no rhetorician
To prove the trouble rebels give.

The title "Liberal" sounds well,
And yet too often means no more
Than—"Vote for me, and I will sell
Your Country to increase *my* store.

"I dote on power, I worship wealth,
I hate coercion, wink at crime,
And only seek my Party's health
To prove my Statemanship sublime.

"The rules of Justice I revere,
Yet would that radicals might win
When the last dyke shall disappear
And let the flood of riot in.

"I love my Country ; but I urge
The safest policy to be
Quite neutral when it's on the verge
Of wreck from Pirates out at sea.

"Then perish all that would forbid
That our own business we should mind,
And of all other views get rid !"—
—Indeed ! then "Britain's business" who shall find ?

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES.

No. 3. Commercial.

Is there any good reason why ethics of trade
To square with true dealing should never be made ?
Reasons are pleaded, although it is sad
To have to confess they're decidedly bad.
Racing for wealth brings falsification,
Hurting the trader's reputation,
Haggling for bargains is a vice

Shameful in customers not too nice
To covet the goods of their fellow men,
Yet grudge them legitimate profitings when
They've borne all the risk, and endured all the labours,
To spare the clean (?) hands of their delicate
neighbours.

Again, respecting Adulteration,
Has it a right to poison the nation
Because, in the struggle with competition,
Integrity's charged with causing perdition?
Alas! one cannot escape the conclusion
That greediness really creates the confusion
Between right and wrong; and until honest dealing,
On each side the counter, expresses the feeling
Of righteous communities, poison and pillage
Will hold up their heads in City and Village.
But let us still wait for the "good time coming,"
And quicken its march with *our* honest drumming.

COMPETITIVE PIECES.

(Invited by the Serial "Society.")

No 1. Sixteen lines of verse, in words of one syllable only.

When "ten low words oft creep in one dull line,"
The Muse is thought not much in verse to shine,
But *my* fair Muse I ask to be so kind
As win for me the prize I have in mind;
And thus to shew how much good may be got

From that which once was thought to be a blot :
 Still, should it prove that I no prize shall get,
 I will not with my Muse fly in a pet,
 For well I wean, to fail with a good grace,
 Is to make joy for one who wins the race ;
 Since it is clear that, if his peers were strong,
 The meed of praise for *such* could not be wrong.
 So thus I with my work march to the Post,
 And wait to see if it "give up the ghost,"
 Or come once more to me with cash in hand
 From that nice mine of wealth so near the Strand.*

No. 2. Acrostic on some well-known Statesman.

B ind garlands for the brow of one whose creed
 E ver maintained that, for the Statesman's need,
 A cquaintance deep with the historic page
 C onfers the skill to guide the passing age.
 O h ! never had D'Israeli known the power
 N ow, by consent, allowed to be his dower,
 S ave through the years of patient study spent
 F or rich results in Britain's Parliament.
 I f naught but mischief from the vaunt be got—
 "E ach man may be a Statesman, trained, or not"—
 L et us demand that henceforth *all* make clear
 D ue *fitness*, ere their claim to rule we hear.

No. 3. A broad review, in sixteen lines of any popular author,
 living or dead.

'Midst authors past there is a name
 I venerate completely,

* "Society" Office, Fleet Street.

And, of my Samuel Johnson's fame,
I hope to write discreetly.

He was a wit, a sage, a saint,
A critic, and a scholar ;
And though his style has caused complaint,
There's little cause for choler.

For 'tis not fair to urge that he
Loved pompous rules of diction,
Who hated shams, and strove to be
Truth, without *contradiction*.

And when he had, with wondrous toil,
Ranged all our words in order,
Good right had he to take the spoil
With latitude the broader.

No. 4. Four verses on "*Baby*"—sixteen lines.

First Competitor (Papa).

Baby is boisterous, baby is loud ;
Baby's exacting, imperious and proud ;
Baby is meddlesome, baby is mad ;
Baby's the father of all that is bad.

Second Competitor (Mama).

Baby is beautiful, baby's a buck ;
Baby is dutiful, baby's a duck ;
Baby's angelical, baby's a rogue ;
Baby can smile and can talk in a brogue.

First Competitor.

Baby's a tempest that howls through the night ;
Baby came here to let out his spite ;
Baby is kicking, baby is roaring,
While weary Mama helps the tumult by snoring.

Second Competitor.

Baby, you darling, you've woke me again !
And did 'em feel hungry ? and where was his pain ?
Oh ! you little dissembler ! there's nothing the matter
So long as there's plenty of food in the platter.

*No. 5. (Moiety).**First Competitor.*

Baby's all mischief done up in a packet ;
Baby keeps all the whole house in a racket ;
Baby's a bundle of false pretences ;
Baby will drive me clean out of my senses.

Second Competitor.

Baby's a cherub, and baby is charming ;
Only a brute would say he's alarming ;
For, though he *is* frantic to get at the moon,
It shews he will be the Prime-Minister soon.

First Competitor.

Baby's a tyrant, and highly enjoys
Disturbing the house with his horrible noise ;—
Lets nothing remain in its usual place—
Pokes slobbery fingers all over my face.

Second Competitor.

It may be that baby's transactions are queer,
 But it may be that *we* were once babies, my dear;
 And it may be that baby is paying us out
 For days when *we* put the whole household to rout.

No. 6. Double acrostic, thus conditioned :—

- a.* First letters, an Author's name.
- b.* Final letters, a title of one of his works.
- c.* Body of the Poem, a reference to some of his characteristics and writings.

O, England! keep the memory of thy bard,
 L oved Auburn's chronicler, and let his name
 I n bloom perennial live among thy sons
 V ersed in the teaching of the Lyric Muse;
 E 'en though the days when "forty pounds a-year"
 R eputed wealth to owners could impart
 G ain but a sneer in our more spendthrift age,
 O ld-fashioned charity is still esteemed.
 L et "the good-natured man," then, his last sov'
 D eal freely out to prove an *alibi*;
 S ecure from bailiff's reach for some poor soul
 M ade sad by debt, and own him free to feel
 I nclined to treat, as needless formula,
 T he rules of prudence in his money-dealing;
 H imself so kind, his faults we may excuse.

No. 7. Required, rhymes for the underlined final words.

Happy the man whose midnight *oil*
 Is spent in work-repaying toil;

Who needs not for a Patron *cringe*,
 Feeling like door without a hinge :
 Who cares not for a lordling *spark*,
 Though owner, he, of many a park :—
 For heaps of gold, however *huge*,
 Will not descend to subterfuge :—
 Who revels in domestic *joys*,
 Escapes the world's conflicting noise ;
 And, knowing Learning's healthy *use*,
 Turns not its cup to henbane juice.

No. 8. Required, a Valentine in eight lines of verse.

Should you and I towards each incline
 And each be other's Valentine,
 Methinks 'twould be so very nice—
 We might *suppose* it Paradise :
 And, should it be our lot to find
 Such high *supposing* fall behind
 On Life's hard road, perhaps we might
 At least find much of *real* delight.

No. 9. Required, a Fable in verse, not to exceed twenty-four lines.

THE SCIENTIFIC OWL.

An owl assembled all the birds,
 And uttered these instructive words—
 " Good folks, or fowls, or grave, or gay,
 Whate'er your plumage, let me say,
 If wishing to be truly wise,
 Just learn of me to shut your eyes ;

And, when you'd bring a thing to light,
Reflect upon it in the night :
For so the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Are things as clear as day to me ;
And when I give a knowing wink,
My wisdom's proved :—so people think."

Then spake a goose—" We're here to-night
At your wise call, to gather light
On things that much our minds perplex,
And bodies also, sorely vex.
I fain would know if I'm a goose,
And if so, why should dogs run loose,
To charge and frighten out of wits
Myself and all my gosling chits ?
Say you 'tis Nature's law of *force*,
Of good and ill the fruitful source ?'
Then tell me—what is *force*, I beg ?"
The owl replied—" It is *an egg* !"

Moral.

Shut your eyes to the light of day,
Grove in the dark, then boldly say
Matter and mind, we know full well
Emerged from " protoplactic cell !"

No. 10. Required, one hundred words, every tenth word being as underlined, and forming a well-known adage.

Let me begin by saying that I wonder if
those
into whose hands these hundred words may fall know
who
was the author of that golden rule whereby to
live,
not only in good will with our neighbours, but
in
peace ourselves. Whoever he was, as in some magic
glass,
he no doubt clearly saw how few are the
houses
whose tenants can consistently demand that Law's full
penalty
should
be exacted on some frail fellow creature who has
not
resisted, as he should have done, the tempters who
throw,
at first, their luring bait, at last, the slaying
stones.

No. 11. Required a narrative in alphabetical wording, *per rectè*
et retrò.

A bounceable captain, deserving effacement for gratifying hectoring inclinations, Joe Kitson, last Monday night, on parade, quite respectfully spake these undoubtedly valuable words—"Xerxes! you

zealot! zeal yields Xaviers when virtue urges to study rarest qualities, partaking of native modesty, love, kindness, justice, inflexible honour, gracious forbearance, ever dealing charitably by all."

No. 12. Required a Novel, in three chapters, each limited to fifty words.

Maud Melville.

Chapter I.—Sir Henry Richleigh and Mr. Jacob Scramble were rival suiters for acceptance by the beautiful Maud Melville. They were both political partizans, the former Conservative, the latter Liberal. Maud was not politically minded, but her father was, and very much Conservative. Maud, who preferred Scramble, found herself in a dilemma.

Chapter II.—Much distress prevailed in the country through what was then called the Cotton famine. Richleigh aided the sufferers to such an extent that he impoverished himself seriously, and soon afterwards was nearly ruined through a large Bank failure. Scramble, who was wealthy through successful trading, kept his pockets closely buttoned.

Chapter III.—Maud observed that Conservatives helped largely, whilst Liberals talked loudly against the upper classes, and did nothing for the lower. Maud liked real liberality, and therefore favoured Richleigh's suit, though he ceased to press it, in his reduced position. So, Maud married Richleigh, inherited her father's wealth, and was happy.

EXCERPTA FROM AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES,
TOUCHING THE VOLUNTEER RIFLE BRIGADES.

No. 1.

ST. GEORGE'S RIFLES.

St. George of old, our champion bold,
Who slew the dreadful dragon,
Buried its teeth in the sod beneath
And quickly stuck his flag on.

The reptile slain, across the plain
A splendid Lion trotted,
St. George to greet, and at his feet
Most amicably squatted.

Beneath the flag his tail did wag,
He gave a roar of laughter—
“By George!” he said, “by Georgey fed,
I'll be his friend hereafter.

The plucky boy shall be my joy,
And I'll be his for ever ;
We'll work the woe of every foe
Who would our friendship sever.”

George made a speech whose echoes reach
The date of our existence—
“Henceforth my sons shall carry guns
Defying all resistance.”

The seed then sown, as we have known,
Shot forth in after ages,

A goodly race on Britain's face,
Of warriors and sages ;

A race of power, not to devour,
And scatter desolation ;
But, brave and free, the life to be
Of every downcast Nation.

And never since hath any Prince
Of man or beast been fated
To subjugate the lordly state
So royally created.

First Volunteer (St. George) still here
Survives in his descendants ;
Baptized in flood of dragon's blood,
Invincible defendants.

What tongue can tell the potent spell
Of our St. George's Rifles ?
Let foemen come, with fife and drum,
They will not meet with trifles.

Since through all lands St. George's bands
Have spread by vast battalions :
For Church and Queen they will be seen
A match for tatterdemalions.

Till men shall cease to murder peace
For passion, or for plunder,
Neglecting drill to stuff the till
Would surely be a blunder.

Defence of right must be by might,
So may we all be ready,
With "powder dry and trust on High,"
To hold our Rifles steady.

No. 2.

THE QUEEN'S OWN.

The Queen sat on her regal throne,
And passed this edict, all her own—
"Unto our subjects be it known,
We want some Volunteers!

For in the Church, and in the State,
Powers have been wanted much, of late,
To keep the Nation good and great—
Who'll be our Volunteers?

First, in the Church, we grieve to say,
Where once the rule was to obey,
Fashion and passion now bear sway—
Wanted some Volunteers!

Chief Pastors who the faith can teach,
And under-shepherds who can preach
With power their wandering flocks to reach—
We want wise Volunteers!

We want to see the silly sheep
Awake from sentimental sleep,
Resolved the good old paths to keep :—
We need true Volunteers!

Next, to the State our thoughts we turn,
And with some touch of anger burn
At "Modern Thought" which fain would spurn
Chivalrous Volunteers !

As if a Nation could be great
With no idea beyond the state
Of money-markets up to date—
Are there no Volunteers ?

Men who, like Quixote, if you please,
Regardless of their own sweet ease,
Go forth to rout, from lands and seas
Marauding Volunteers.

Our Lords and Commons we would see
Less tied to Party, and more free
To grasp the good, where'er it be—
We want free Volunteers !

The tricks of Trade might well be spared,
And Capital with Labour shared ;
Each of one interest declared—
Shall we find Volunteers ?

The rich and poor might well agree,
If each the other's worth would see ;
And pride and envy ceased to be—
Oh ! for more Volunteers !

Though last, not least, it must be said
When foes within are captive led
Little remains to be the dread
Of 'Queen's Own' Volunteers !"

No. 3.

TURN ON THE RIFLES!

“Up, Guards! and at them!” cried “the *Iron Duke”

When victory hung trembling in the scale;

At them they went, the foemen to rebuke

And now, when foes again our peace assail,

Turn on the Rifles!

Turn on the Rifles! men of steady aim,

Who hit the mark when Albion bids them shoot:

Let leaders of rebellion bear the blame,

And take, as best they may, our warm salute.

Turn on the Rifles!

Yes, we salute with fervour, as of old,

Taught by our Sires to conquer or to die;

And evil doers, be they ne’er so bold,

Must count the cost before their strength they try.

Turn on the Rifles!

Should treason lurk in unsuspected places,

Mince not the matter till it be too late;

Most merciful is he who promptly chases

The reptile from his lair to meet his fate.

Turn on the Rifles!

They who would palliate the traitor’s course,

And call him patriotic in his deed,

* Wellington.

Must not complain if they should feel the force
Assassins wield on victims as they bleed—
Turn on the Rifles !

Now, are you shocked at such a drastic plan
As would turn *patriots* into *rifle-butts* ?
Well, *I* am shocked to think that any man
Should deem *those* patriots who are but smuts.
Turn on the Rifles !

Fire up the flue before your chimney's fired,
Spare not the first dark flakes in foolish pity ;
But spare Police for battle ill attired ;
A dozen Rifles might protect a City.
Turn on the Rifles !

But, if the squeamish notion still must be—
Protect the outrage-mongers' right of *speech*—
Little protection may we hope to see
For friends of order, called to fill the breach—
Turn on the Rifles !

The traitors' *words* are meant to end in *blows*,
Therefore no quarter show them from the first ;
Each moment lost in parley with such foes
Helps them to drain the blood for which they thirst.
Turn on the Rifles !

Up, Sons of Mars ! and at them, in your might ;
Bid your Police and Constables stand by—

The coward ranks of treason, bold to fight
Unarmed Civilians, from your guns will fly!—
“Up Guards! and at them!”

EPILOGUE.

If any sympathetic soul
Has thought with me, in part, or whole,
It may be we shall meet one day
When sympathies have boundless play.

THE AUTHOR.

MAY, 1899

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